

**Special Features This Issue**  
"Paddling 'Round the Gaspé Peninsula"  
"The Big Swing" - "Il Pipistrello Fuori di Inferno"

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# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 17 - Number 24

May 1, 2000



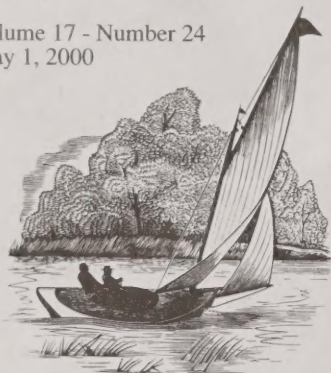
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# messing about in BOATS

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Volume 17 - Number 24  
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## Looking Ahead...

A reader suggested the above heading might be more appropriate than "In Our Next Issue..." in view of the fact I don't always deliver promised articles in so timely a fashion.

Appropos of this observation, I have in waiting my report on "The Maine Boatbuilders' Show" which I indeed had promised for this issue.

Moving on, Johnny Robinson recalls "My Summer as a Deckhand"; Robb White returns with "The Time Dick Almost Lost the Outboard Motor"; Reinhard Zollitsch continues his "Paddling 'Round the Gaspé Peninsula"; Nathaniel Bishop's "Four Months in a Sneakbox" reaches Chapter 8; and Steve Turi continues on with Part 17 of "Adventures of a New Jersey Boat Nut".

Dennis Davis suggests his "DD-18 Sailing Cruising Canoe" as a solution to Ben Fuller's "In Search of the Ideal Island Trail Cruiser" in the March 15th issue; We get a look back some 40 years at the "Wood vs Fiberglass Controversy" as it raged in 1958 in an exchange of correspondence at that time; and Phil Bolger & Friends have yet to reveal their contribution at press time.

Larry Ruttman interviews a Cornwall, England oarmaker about his winning gig racing oars in "Leon Pezzack & His Winning Oars"; Jim Michalak reports on an ad hoc test of "Sprit Boom Interference"; and Jeff Potter waxes enthusiastic over his newly discovered sport in "Canoe Poling, Not Just for Downeasters Anymore".

In "Boatshop News" we'll learn about what is going on at the Little Boat Shop in New Bedford, Massachusetts.

## Guest Commentary...

Robb White, Contributor



## Open Letter to the Commandant of the U.S. Coast Guard

I recently read that the U.S. Coast Guard is considering implementing a new regulation requiring the wearing of PFDs by anyone in any boat under 16' long. I assume from past experience that the progression of implementing such regulations will continue until everyone is required to protect themselves against any possible source of injury no matter how illogical the required device or remote the possibility of danger. I can think of all sorts of examples but will not burden you with them because that would be just negative complaining and I have decided not to complain about anything ridiculous unless I can offer something positive as an alternative.

A recently retired Coast Guard Warrant Officer, who worked in the boating deaths statistics section his last year on the job, told me that this proposal is the direct result of deaths related to two kinds of boats; jet skis, which is only to be expected since the people who ride them act like they are playing in a video game where the object is to kill or be killed, and the flat bottomed aluminum jon boats which we call "honkey drowners". Most of the latter sinkers are men with a lot of alcohol in their blood and their flies unzipped when their bodies are recovered.

I suggest that this proposed new regulation take into account more than just the size (small) of the boats affected. Boats have both size and horsepower, and I offer that both ought to be tied together in a more logical regulation. I bet that the statistics would show that large horsepower in boats is at least as dangerous as shortness in small boats, so it is illogical to tie any safety device regulation to only one.

One aspect of flotation has been consistently overlooked in the drafting of safety regulations. Not only is there such a thing as positive flotation, there is also negative flotation. Both are involved when "it's all about saving lives". When I was a little child, my parents took us out to the pass to fish. The fishing was very good out there because of the deep water and strong currents. We children would swim around while the grown-ups fished. My mother in her wisdom realized the danger of little pre-school children swimming in a place where the bottom dropped off very quickly and the current was running four knots or so. Even

though we could all swim, she made us wear life preservers. One day, while we were loading up to leave, somebody dropped one of the old kapok preservers over the side and it sank straight to the bottom like a rock. When we got home, Momma tried the rest and found that they were all so waterlogged that they provided significant negative flotation.

You might think that such a thing is useless as a life saver but you should have seen how well we children could swim after we were relieved of that handicap. All of us are still alive though we swim around without PFDs all the time. Of course, such a thing is not required by law for swimmers... not yet.

Well, back to power as an issue in all this. Not only are very powerful boats, regardless of their size, destructive, they are normally operated by the same kinds of people who are a problem for the Coast Guard, various state agencies and the rest of us. So what is my suggestion? Simply that both aspects of flotation be tied to both the characteristics of boats. I suggest that a ratio balance be established between boat length, horsepower and flotation, say a ratio of one to one. Like all other formulae, it sounds complicated in the abstract so I'll give a practical example.

My boat is 16' long (ha, so far) and my motor is 15hp, which under my rule gives me one pound of positive flotation per person. You may say that that is not enough, but I have had plenty of experience with flotation devices, so I think my choice of boat and horsepower suits me fine.

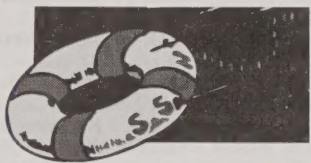
If the horsepower of the boat is too much for its length, I suggest that negative flotation be carried by the operator. Say a jet ski... 8' and 70hp, that works out to 62lbs of weight. That could be easily carried in a lead vest type arrangement. Smaller negative flotation could be worn in things like wrist weights or weighted anklets like serious joggers wear. For big boats where the flotation would be so heavy that a person could not walk while wearing the required PFD, I suggest a neck anchor. Of course the investigating official should check to see if the connecting chain was properly attached and maintained.

If the boat has no horsepower at all, it should be in the same class as a swimmer and be exempt from all regulations whatsoever.

## On the Cover...

Reinhard Zollitsch takes out his canoe opposite the Chateau Frontenac at Quebec city, the conclusion of the first part of his 1,000 plus miles paddle around Canada's Gaspé Peninsula. His story and photos are featured in this issue.





## Small Boat SAFETY



Tom Shaw

### It Was A Blast

The Coast Guard Auxiliary is used to assisting the active duty Coast Guard in an extremely wide variety of tasks but it is not often we are asked to help in the creation of an artificial fishing reef. Today was the exception.

The Reef Association of Southport, North Carolina had, over a period of months, arranged the donation of a 100' barge, some 16 tons of concrete pipe to load into it, free tugboat service and all the necessary environmental permits. Today was the day to sink that barge. Actually, today was not supposed to be the day. The sinking was scheduled for tomorrow but the predictions of gale winds forced a change in plans. As it turned out, today's weather was just about perfect though clearly a "weather breeder".

I reported to the 33' Auxiliary boat at 6:30am. After the obligatory briefing on the location of all safety gear, flares, fire extinguishers, first aid kit, towline and bridle and the like, we got underway at 6:50, met another Auxiliary boat a few minutes later and

went down the Cape Fear River to Southport where two more Auxiliary vessels joined us. There we waited for four active duty Coast Guard Petty Officers from the Wilmington Marine Safety office, one for each Auxiliary boat. There was a captains' meeting to settle each vessel's area of responsibility and we got underway, arriving at the demolition site some three miles off shore at 10:25. The tug and barge were on scene, together with a Coast Guard 41' patrol boat, a RIB (rigid hull inflatable), two North Carolina Marine Patrol vessels and two boats run by the Reef Association.

It took a little time to maneuver the heavily loaded barge into exactly the right position in 38' of water. They anchored her but the anchor dragged so the tug had to come back, collect the barge and once again work her back in position. All this took time and the boats on scene to establish a 1,500 yard "security zone" for the explosion circled and enjoyed warm sunshine (in contrast to the 40 degree temperatures when we got underway) and very slight seas.

We had less than one foot waves. It was a long but a pleasant wait and because the sinking was a day ahead of schedule there were few spectator boats for us to worry about. Had there been the anticipated newspaper publicity we would have had to work a lot harder.

At 12:05 we saw the Reef Association boats pull away from the barge at some speed and the radio announced, "The barge is hot." We had been told in advance that there would be a fifteen minute interval between the lighting of the fuse and the actual explosion and that there were four charges on the barge with a total of 60 pounds of C-4 so placed as to destroy all interior compartments.

Exactly 15 minutes after the announcement that the barge was hot we heard a dull thump and saw flames shoot up from the barge, followed by smoke in four different colors, which we assumed was to tell the demolition experts that all four charges had gone off. There was some debate among our crew as to whether it took 18 or 22 seconds for the barge to sink. Whichever it was, the job was neatly done and I could see no debris thrown into the air. While the security zone was a 1,500 yard radius, it appeared that one would have been safe just 100 yards away so neatly was the demolition accomplished and the smoke in four colors was far more impressive than any July 4th fireworks display.

In a few moments the Marine Safety Petty Officer in charge dismissed all security zone boats and we headed back to Southport to drop off our active duty observer (who was actually in command of the exercise) and then head for home, getting back to our dock just under nine hours after we had gotten underway and having had a fascinating day at sea in superb weather.

In short, it was a blast.

### About Non-Delivery Of Your Magazine

Since the turn of the new year we've experienced more than the "normal" number of inquiries about magazines not being delivered so it seemed time to remind you of why this can happen.

**Our Mistakes:** We do make mistakes and omissions in entering subscriptions, and when they come to our attention we correct the error and send all the magazines owed because of our mistake.

**Your Changing Your Address:** The major reason for non-delivery is your failure to notify us of a change of address (permanent or seasonal). We need 4-6 weeks advance notice of an address change to deliver no interruption of delivery.

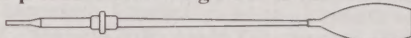
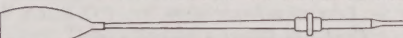
The magazine is mailed 3rd Class Mail, which is not forwarded like 1st and 2nd Class Mail if you move. It is trashed at your former post office and eventually (3-6 weeks later) we receive notification from them of your new address. By then we have already sent one or more succeeding issues to your old address. When we finally catch up with you we change the address and you resume receiving magazines.

We cannot replace the magazines already mailed to your old address in an upcoming next issue bulk mailing but must send these replacements to you in a separate packet. For this we need to receive \$1 per issue to cover cost of replacements and postage.

**What to Do?** Call or write to us if a month goes by without a magazine. We'll track down the problem and resolve it to your satisfaction.



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## ANTIQUE & CLASSIC BOATING

Antique and Classic Boat Society, Inc., 422 James Street, Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-BOAT (2628), <ahqs@acbs.org>, <www.acbs.org> Antique Outboard Motor Club, RR Box 9195, Spirit Lake, IA 51360.

Chesapeake Bay Chapter ACBS, P.O. Box 6780, Annapolis, MD 21401.

Lawley Boat Owners Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931-0242, (978) 281-4440.

N.E. Chapter Antique & Classic Boat Society, 140 Powers Rd., Meredith, NH 03253, (603) 279-4654.

Old Boats, Old Friends, P.O. Box 081400, Racine, WI 53408-1400, (414) 634-2351.

Penn Yan Owners, c/o Bruce Hall, Rt. 90, King Ferry, NY 13081.

The Thompson Dockside, 10061 Riverside Dr., PMB 143, Toluca Lake, CA 91602.

## BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION

Adirondack Boat Building & Water Skills School, PO Box 146, Raquette Lake, NY 13436, (315) 354-5311, <sagamore@telenet.net>

Adirondack Guideboat Inc., Box 144, Charlotte, VT 05445, (802) 425-3926.

Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.

Apprenticeship of Rockland, Box B, Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-1800.

Bayfront Center for Maritime Studies, Foot of Holland St., Erie, PA 16507, (814) 456-4077, <eriesailing@hotmail.com>, <http://www.goerie.com/bcms>.

Brookfield Craft Center, P.O. Box 122, Brookfield, CT 06804, (203) 775-4526.

Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109, (206) 382-2628.

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663, (410) 745-2916.

Chesapeake Boats Bayou, Baltimore, Washington & Annapolis, (410) 684-9798.

CT River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (860) 388-2343.

Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036, (212) 564-5412.

Glenmar Community Sailing Center, c/o Back River Recreation Council, 8501 La Salle Rd. Suite 211, Towson, MD 21286, (410) 252-9324.

John Gardner School of Boatbuilding, Box 2967, Annapolis, MD 21404, (410) 867-0042.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

International Yacht Restoration School, 28 Church St., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 849-3060.

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3 Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491, (802) 475-2022.

Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913, (978) 388-0162.

Marietta (Ohio) Rowing & Cycling Club, P.O. Box 1081, Marietta, OH 45750, (740) 374-6997.

Mariners' Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23607-3759, (804) 596-2222.

Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685, (616) 946-2647.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, Harvey W. Smith Watercraft Center, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.

North House Folk School, P.O. Box 759, Grand Marais, MN 55604, (218) 387-9762.

Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 251 Otto St., Port Townsend, WA 98368, (206) 385-4948.

Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory, 2045 W. Moyamensing Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19145, (215) 755-2400, <pwbf@libertynet.org>

RiversWest Small Craft Center, P.O. Box 82686, Portland, OR 97282, (503) 236-2926.

San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park, Bldg. E, Fort Mason Center, San Francisco, CA 94123, (415) 929-0202.

Schooner Sultana Shipyard Shipbuilding School, Box 524, Chestertown, MD 21620, (410) 778-6461.

South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.

Sterling College, Craftsbury Common, VT 05827, (802) 586-7711.

## Directory of Activities & Events Organizers for 2000

As the center of a small boating communications network, *Messing About in Boats* hears from many people. We receive a steady stream of news releases from a variety of organizations which offer activities ranging over the whole messing about scene, and we are often asked by individuals to direct them to some special interest group or event. To expedite this networking we publish this listing of all organizations and individuals we know of who offer events and activities.

We cannot possibly publish announcements of the hundreds of activities that take place monthly, and we do not wish to spend a lot of time on the phone or answering letters from individuals inquiring about specific opportunities of interest to them. As an alternative we publish this directory and urge readers to contact those who seem to offer what it is they are looking for.

**In 2000, this directory will appear six times only, in the January 1, March 1, May 1, July 1, September 1, and November 1 issues.**

Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616, (207) 359-4651.

Wooden Boat Workshop of Door Cty., 4865 Court Rd., Egg Harbor, WI 54209, (920) 868-3955.

## CONTEMPORARY YACHTING

Amateur Yacht Research Society (AYRS), c/o Frank Bailey, 415 Shady Dr., Grove City, PA 16127.

Sail Newport, 53 America's Cup Ave., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 846-1983.

## ELECTRIC BOATING

Electric Boat Ass'n. of the Americas, P.O. Box 4151, Deerfield Beach, FL 33442, (954) 725-0640.

## MARITIME EDUCATION

Duxbury Bay Maritime School, P.O. Box 263, Snug Harbor Sta., Duxbury, MA 02331, (781) 934-7555.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Lake Schooner Education Association, Ltd., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202.

Nova Scotia Sea School, 1644 Walnut St., Halifax, NS B3H 3S4, (902) 492-4127.

The River School, 203 Ferry Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (860) 388-2007.

Sea Education Association, Inc., P.O. Box 6, Woods Hole, MA 02543, (508) 540-3954.

Wisconsin Lake Schooner Education Association, Milwaukee Maritime Cntr., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202, (414) 276-7700.

Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

## MARITIME MUSEUMS

(Maritime Museum News, PO Box 607, Groton, MA 01450-0607, specializes in this field of interest). Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812, (518) 352-7311.

Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.

Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 987, Solomons, MD 20688, (410) 326-2042.

Cape Ann Historical Association, 27 Pleasant St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-0455.

Cape Fear Maritime Museum, 814 Market St., Wilmington, NC 28401, (910) 341-4350.

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663-0636, (410) 745-2916.

Connecticut River Museum, 67 Main St., Essex, CT 06426, (860) 767-8269.

Custom House Maritime Museum, 25 Water St., Newburyport, MA 01950, (978) 462-8681.

Delaware Bay Schooner Project (Schooner A.J. Meerswald), 2800 High St. (Bivalve), Port Norris, NJ 08349, (609) 785-2060, <AJMeerswald@juno.com>

Erie Canal Museum, 318 Erie Blvd. E., Syracuse, NY 13202, (315) 471-0593.

Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Box 277, Essex, MA 01929, (978) 768-7541.

Gloucester Adventure, P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01930-1306.

Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 533, Havre de Grace, MD 21078.

Herreshoff Marine Museum, 7 Burnside St., P.O. Box 450, Bristol, RI 02809, (401) 253-5000.

Hudson River Maritime Museum, 1 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401, (914) 338-0071.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Independence Seaport Museum, Penns Landing, 211 S. Columbus Blvd, Philadelphia, PA 19106-1415, (215) 925-5439.

Inland Seas Maritime Museum, 4890 Main St., Vermillion, OH 44089.

Iowa Great Lakes Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 726, 243 W. Broadway, Arnolds Park, IA 51331, (712) 332-5264, <captainsteve@ncn.net>, www.okobojimuseum.org>.

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3, Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491, (802) 475-2022.

Lighthouse Preservation Society, P.O. Box 736, Rockport, MA 01966, (978) 281-6336.

Long Island Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 184, W. Sayville, NY 11796, (516) 854-4974.

Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530, (207) 443-1316.

Marine Museum of Upper Canada, c/o The Toronto Historical Board, 205 Yonge St., Toronto, ON M5B 1N2, Canada, (416) 392-1765.

Maine Watercraft Museum, 4 Knox St. Landing, Thomaston, ME 04861, (800) 923-0444.

Marine Museum of Fall River, Battleship Cove, Fall River, MA 02720, (508) 674-3533.

Mariners Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23606-3759, (757) 596-2222.

Maritime & Seafood Industry Museum, P.O. Box 1907, Biloxi, MS 39533, (601) 435-6320.

Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685, (616) 946-2647.

Maritime & Yachting Museum, P.O. Box 1448, Treasure Coast Mall, U.S. Rt. 1 @ Jensen Beach Blvd, Stuart, FL 34995.

Milwaukee Lake Schooner Inc., P.O. Box 291, Milwaukee, WI 53201-0291, (414) 276-5664.

Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990, (860) 572-5315.

New Bedford Whaling Museum, New Bedford, MA, (508) 997-0046.

Newburyport Maritime Museum, 25 Water St. Newburyport, MA 01950.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.

Osterville Historical Society & Museum, 155 West Bay Rd., P.O. Box 3, Osterville, MA 02655, (508) 428-5861.

Peabody-Essex Museum, 161 Essex St. Salem, MA 01970, (978) 745-9500.

Plimoth Plantation, Plymouth, MA, (508) 746-1662. James B. Richardson Maritime Museum, 401 High St., Cambridge, MD 21613.

San Diego Maritime Museum, 1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, CA 92101, (919) 234-9153.

South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.

Strawbery Banke Museum, P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (603) 433-1100.

Toms River Maritime Museum, Water St. & Hooper Ave., P.O. Box 1111, Toms River, NJ 08754, (732) 349-9209.

United States Naval & Shipbuilding Museum, 739 Wash. St., Quincy, MA 02169, (617) 479-7900.

USS Constitution Museum, Box 1812, Boston, MA 02129, (617) 426-1812.

Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035, (805) 984-6260.

Wisconsin Lake Schooner, 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53201.

## MODEL BOATING

Cape Ann Ship Modelers Guild, R57 Washington St., Gloucester, MA 01930.

Downeast Ship Modelers' Guild, c/o Roy Wheeler, 295 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530, (207) 442-0097.



Model Guild of the Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave. Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.

Ship Modelers Association of Southern California, 2083 Reynosa Dr., Torrance, CA 90501. (310) 326-5177.

U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, c/o George Kaiser, 23 Mermaid Ave., Winthrop, MA 02152-1122. (617) 846-3427.

U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group, c/o John Snow, 78 E. Orchard St., Marblehead, MA 01945, (781) 631-4203.

## ONE DESIGN SAILING

Albacore One-Design Class, c/o Peter Duncan, 550M Ritchie Hwy. #144, Severna Park, MD 21146. (410) 431-05480; e-mail sailfaster@aol.com; website <http://www.my-town.com/sailing>.

American Canoe Association Canoe Sailing, 2210 Finland Rd., Green Lane, PA 18054. (215) 453-9084.

Bridges Point 24 Assoc., c/o Kent Mulliken, 101 Windsor Pl., Chapel Hill, NC. (919) 929-1946.

Cape Cod Frosty Association, P.O. Box 652, Cataumet, MA 02534. (508) 771-5218.

Hampton One-Design, c/o Scott Wolff, 3385 Kings Neck Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23452. (757) 463-6895.

New England Beetle Cat Boat Assoc., c/o Wills Pile, 476 Wayland Ave., Providence, RI 02906. (401) 455-3430.

San Francisco Pelican Viking Fleet III, P.O. Box 55142, Shoreline, WA 98155-0142, email: <jgosse@juno.com>

Sparkman & Stevens Association, NE Area, 54 Chauncy Creek Rd., Kittery Point, ME 03905.

West Wight Potter's Assoc., Southern California Chapter, c/o Roland Boepple, 17972 Larcresst Cir., Huntington Beach, CA 92647. (714) 848-1239.

## PADDLING

ACA New England Division, c/o Earle Roberts, 785 Bow Ln., Middletown, CT 06457.

Houston Canoe Club, P.O. Box 925516, Houston, TX 77292-5516. (713) 467-8857.

Hulbert Outdoor Center, RRI Box 91A, Fairlee, VT 05045-9719. (802) 333-3405.

Kahakai Outrigger Canoe Club, P.O. Box 134, Seal Beach, CA 90740.

Maine Canoe Symposium, c/o Jerry Kocher, 41 Leighton Rd., Wellesley, MA 02181. (617) 237-1956.

Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club, PO Box 021868, Brooklyn, NY 11202, (914) 634-9466.

New England Canoe Racing Association, 102 Snipsic Lake Rd., Ellington, CT 06039. (860) 872-6375.

New England Downriver Championship Series. (203) 871-8362.

Rhode Island Canoe Association, 856 Danielson Pike, Scituate, RI 02857. (401) 647-2293.

Riverways Programs, Massachusetts Dept. of Fisheries, Wildlife & Environmental Law Enforcement, 100 Cambridge St. Room 1901, Boston, MA 02202, (617) 727-1614 XT360.

Sebago Canoe Club, Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Ave. N, Brooklyn, NY 11226. (718) 241-3683.

Washington Canoe Club, 8522 60th Pl., Berwyn Heights, MD 20740.

Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, c/o Julie McCrum, 1075 Winchester Ln., Aiken, SC 29803-9667, (803) 643-3800.

## ROWING

Amoskeag Rowing Club, 30 Mechanic St., Manchester, NH 03101, (603) 668-2130.

Beaufort Oars, P.O. Box 941, Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-3156.

Cape Ann Rowing Club, P.O. Box 1715, Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-4695.

Cape Cod Viking Rowing Club, c/o Jeff McLaughlin, 121 Sheffield Rd., Brewster, MA 02631, (508) 896-5363, <[www.c4.net/viking](http://www.c4.net/viking)>

Conn. River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343.

Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913. (978) 388-0162.

Maine Rowing Assoc., c/o Reg Hudson, P.O. Box 419, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679.

Marietta (Ohio) Rowing & Cycling Club, P.O. Box 1081, Marietta, OH 45750, (740) 374-6997.

Narragansett Boat Club, P.O. Box 2413, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 272-1838.

New England Open Water Rowing Calendar, Frank Durham, 70 Hayden Rd., Hollis, NH 03049, (603) 465-7920.

Piscataqua Rowing Club, Prescott Park, Portsmouth, NH, c/o Mike Gowell, (207) 439-0886, or Jeff Taylor, (603) 228-4614.

Ring's Island Rowing Club, c/o Alice Twombly, 91 Seven Star Rd., Groveland, MA 01834, (978) 373-7816.

Riverfront Recapture, 1 Hartford Sq. W, Suite 104, Hartford, CT 06106-1984. (203) 293-0131.

Saquish Rowing club, c/o Mike Jenness, 2142 Washington St., E. Bridgewater, MA 02333, (508) 378-9986.

Whaling City Rowing Club, c/o Lucy Iannotti, 57 Arnold St., New Bedford, MA 02740, (508) 993-8537, email: <kiresilk@msn.com>

## SAFETY EDUCATION

U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 403, c/o Gary Cordette, 315 Paradise Rd., Swampscott, MA 01907. (781) 282-4580.

United States Power Squadrons, National Boating Safety Hotline for course details in your area is (800) 336-BOAT.

## SEA KAYAKING

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker, P.O. Box 520, Ipswich, MA 01938, lists all sea kayaking activities that come to our attention..

## SMALL BOAT MESSABOUT SOCIETIES

Baywood Navy, 2nd St. Pier, Baywood Park, CA 93402.

Intermountain Small Boat Whatever (Unorganized), Jim Thayer, Rt. 1 Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624, (970) 487-3088.

Midwest Homebuilt Messabouts, Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.

"Scuzbums" (Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society), 4048 Mt. Acadia Blvd, San Diego CA 92111, (858) 569-5277, Annie Kolls <Scuzbum@aol.com>

West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron, c/o Ron Hoddinott, 12492 104th Ave. N., Largo, FL 33778, (727) 391-7927.

## STEAMBOATING

International Steamboat Muster, c/o Jean DeWitt, P.O. Box 40341, Providence, RI 02940. (401) 729-6130.

New England Steamship Foundation, 63 Union St., New Bedford, MA 02740. (508) 999-1925.

New England Wireless & Steam Museum, 1300 Frenchtown Rd., E. Greenwich, RI 02818, (401) 884-1710.

Steamboating, Rt. 1 Box 262, Middlebourne, WV 26149-9748. (304) 386-4434.

Steamship Historical Soc. of America, 300 Ray Dr., Suite #4, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 274-0805.

## TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT

Barnegat Bay TSCA, c/o Tom Johns, 195 Shenandoah Blvd. Toms River, NJ 08753. (908) 270-6786.

Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.

Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06575. (860) 388-2007, (860) 388-2007.

Delaware Valley TSCA, 482 Almond Rd., Pittsgrove, NJ 08318.

Friends of the North Carolina Maritime Museum TSCA, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Long Island TSCA, c/o Myron Young, Box 635, Laurel, NY 11948. (516) 298-4512.

Oregon TSCA, c/o Robert Young, 16612 Maple Cir., Lake Oswego, OR 97034. (503) 636-7344.

Patuxent Small Craft Guild, c/o Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 97, Solomons, MD 20688. (410) 326-2042.

Potomac TSCA, c/o Bob Grove, 419 N. Patrick St., Alexandria, VA 22314. (703) 549-6746 eves.

Puget Sound TSCA, c/o Larry Feeney, 59 Strawberry Pt., Bellingham, WA 98226. (360) 733-4461. email: <larry@cedarcroft-press.com> www: <http://www.tsca.net/puget/>.

Sacramento TSCA, c/o Richard Ratcliff, 819 Columbia Dr., Sacramento, CA 95864. (916) 481-7642.

South Jersey TSCA, c/o George Loos, 53 Beaver Dam Rd., Cape May Courthouse, NJ 08210. (609) 861-0018.

Traditional Small Craft Association, P.O. Box 350, Mystic, CT 06355.

Traditional Small Craft Association, c/o Custom House Museum, 25 Water St. Newburyport, MA 01950, www: <http://www.tsca.net/>.

Traditional Small Craft & Rowing Association of Maine, c/o Jim Bauman, RR 1 Box 1038, S. China, ME. (207) 445-3004.

Traditional Small Craft Club, P.O. Box 87, N. Billerica, MA 01862. (978) 663-3103.

Tri State TSCA, c/o Ron Gryn, 4 Goldeneye Ct., New Britain, PA 18901. (215) 348-9433.

TSCA of W Mich, c/o Mark Steffens, 6033 Bonanza Dr., Stevensville, MI 49127. (616) 429-5487.

Upper Chesapeake Baymen TSCA, 3125 Clearview Ave., Baltimore, MD 21234. (410) 254-7957.

Upper Mississippi Small Craft Association, c/o David Christofferson, 267 Goodhue, St. Paul, MN 55102. (612) 222-0261.

## TRADITIONAL YACHTING

Friendship Sloop Society, 14 Paulson Dr., Burlington, MA 01803-2820, (781) 272-9658.

Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Soc., 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.

S.S. Crocker Association, 8 Lane's End, Ipswich, MA 01938. (978) 356-3065.

Wooden Boat Classic Regatta Series, 323 Boston Post Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (203) 388-6657.

## TUGBOATING

Tugboat Enthusiasts Society of the Americas, 308 Quince St., Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464.

World Ship Society, P.O. Box 72, Watertown, MA 02172-0072.

## WATERCYCLING

International Watercycle Assoc., 265 Santa Helena, Suite 110, Solana Beach, CA 92075-1538.

## WATER TRAILS

Maine Island Trail Association, P.O. Box C, Rockland, ME 04841. (207) 596-6456.

North American Water Trails, Inc., 24130 NW Johnson Rd., Poulsbo, WA 98370.

Washington Water Trails Association, 4649 Sunnyside Ave. N. Rm. 345, Seattle, WA 98103-6900. (206) 545-9161.

## WOODEN BOATS

Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109.

Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Soc., 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.

Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova Scotia, P.O. Box 1193, Dartmouth, NS B2Y 4B8, Canada.

The Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368, (360) 385-3628.

Wooden Canoe Builders' Guild, P.O. Box 247, Carlisle, ON L0R 1H0, Canada, (819) 422-3456.



# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...

### 26th Annual Wooden Boat Show

On Saturday, May 6th the North Carolina Maritime Museum's 26th Annual Wooden Boat Show will be held on the Beaufort waterfront, in the museum and in the museum's Watercraft Center. The Beaufort waterfront is a delightful background for wooden boats of all kinds from kayaks to spritsails and from canoes to vintage Chris Craft. There is no charge to attend this non-commercial show. Workshops, demonstrations, and races are held throughout the day beginning at 9am.

Those desiring further information, or who wish to exhibit a boat(s), should contact the museum's information office at (252) 728-7317.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516

### No-Octane Regatta

The vision of wooden boats skimming the warming waters of Blue Mountain Lake in New York's Adirondack Mountains under a bright blue June sky sharpens towards the end of winter and ultimately draws over a thousand people to Blue Mountain Lake to celebrate the arrival of summer at the Adirondack Museum's annual No-Octane Regatta for Wooden Boats.

Created in 1991 to celebrate the Museum's newly reopened exhibit on boats and boating in the Adirondacks, the No-Octane Regatta replicates many events typical of Adirondack regattas of over 100 years ago. These celebrations included races like the hurry-scurry, dump race, and the jousting competition, designed not so much for winning as for providing entertainment to people on shore.

Boat nuts from afar flock to this event with all types of wooden craft which they happily show off, on and off the water. Spectators gather to watch guideboat and sailing races; cheer the jousting competitors, build a toy boat to race the following day, marvel at life-sized puppets and their theater production; or merely lay back and enjoy the early summer in the Adirondacks..

Festivities begin Friday, June 16 with a kick-off party at Potters Resort with music, hors d'oeuvres and buffet. A Log Driver's Breakfast provides fuel for Saturday's events on and off the water, and a Grand Parade of Boats and barbecue and barn dance conclude the day. Guideboats and other rowing craft face off during Sunday morning's Great Adirondack Guideboat Challenge. Other Sunday events include tours of the Great Camp Sagamore, a special tour of the Adirondack Museum's new Visitors' Center featuring the *Water Witch* in full sail, a toy boat regatta, and free excursion cruise aboard the *W. W. Durant* on Raquette Lake.

Contact us if you would like more information.

Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY, (518) 352-7311 ext. 124, <Acarroll@adkmuseum.org>

### St. Michaels Antique & Classic Boat Festival

Plans for the 2000 Antique & Classic Boat Festival at St. Michaels, Maryland are progressing. This year's event promises again to be a full three days of fun with old boats, old cars and old friends. Festival dates are June 16, 17 and 18 with a full schedule of activities each day. Our festival is receiving expanded regional and national recognition so we anticipate even more boats and people than ever before. Readers interested may contact me for further details.

Len Lupton, 788 Nabbs Creek Rd., Glen Burnie, MD 21060, (410) 437-0876, <sid-craft@worldnet.att.net>

### Minnesota Midsummer Festival

North House Folk School's 3rd Annual Wooden Boat Show and Midsummer Festival will be held on June 23-25 along the shores of Lake Superior in Grand Marais, Minnesota. Once again professional and amateur boatbuilders will gather to discuss, compare and share their love for these classics boats. Boatbuilders from the five state region and Ontario are expected to bring some 30 boats together to what is the largest Wooden Boat Show and Summer Festival on the Lake Superior North Shore.

We will also have our ever-popular boat auction again this year on Saturday June 24. Over 15 boats were sold last year to a crowd of 300 plus bidders. Boats will be sold on an 80-20 split between the owner and NHFS or you can choose to can donate all the proceeds to NHFS, who will use the funds for program development and scholarships.

The North House dock is available on a first come first serve basis. Sign up early to ensure your space. Contact us for further details.

North House Folk School, P.O. Box 759, Grand Marais, MN 55604-0759, Phone (218) 387-9762, Fax (218) 387-9706, www.northhouse.org, <info@northhouse.org>

## Adventures & Experiences...

### That New Jersey Boat Nut

I feel compelled to write you about the "Adventures of a New Jersey Boat Nut". I too was a New Jersey boat nut who hung around in the Sportsman's Marina in Carlstadt, New Jersey. Steve Turi has started the juices flowing in my memory banks. I might even have known Steve, as I was best friends with Bushy, the builder on the beautiful skipjack, whose name was Blaisdell Willis. Bushy died in March 1981, a dear friend who died much too early. We spent many a winter's day in the Colin Archer of another friend around the pot belly stove as they told of their sailing adventures.

I also knew Herb and Myrna and their beautiful Alden. I spent many days watching them apply black caulking to the planks. At

that time I had a Rhodes Mariner that I bought at the marina. Later I built a 22' Wharram catamaran that I launched from the Sportsman's Marina.

It's been a blast reading and reliving the past. Remembering all the old friends from that part of my life. So Bushy, Joe, Myrna and Herb, wherever you are, may the wind always be at your back.

Anthony A. Fiore, Palm Coast, FL

### Straight Yuloh One More Time

I had a chance to try a yuloh in Hong Kong Harbor. I was an able seaman in the American Merchant Marine at the time. Having sculled my dinghy out to my sailboat for a few years, I didn't think it would be that difficult to scull the Chinese version. I thought I would scull off into the sunset. Wrong! I couldn't agree more with Mr. O'Donnell that it is pretty difficult to get used to. After a lot of laughter and time, I managed to keep the scull on the pivot point and made a little headway.

I was amazed at the large heavily laden barge looking craft they were sculling around the harbor. They usually had seven people on one scull. Five people (men and women) were on the scull and two were on the forward end pulling on the rope when the scull was out of their reach. They just kept rotating their position on the scull every so often.

This photo shows the mother, hand on scull, daughter, granddaughter, aunt, fellow seaman and your friendly Knifemaker. You can't see my seaman's knife because I would wear it on my waist in back.

Mudd Sharrigan, Wiscasset, ME



### Victor Powered Model Boats

I'm pleased with Conbert Benneck's acknowledgement of the import of experimenting with Victor mouse trap powered model boats. Unfortunately this fast-moving school class immediately embarked on new creativities, assigning boat prototypes to the junk heap. However, the major advantage of such experimentation is to individually start with a clean piece of paper, plastic bottle, plastic spoons, etc.

Norm Benedict, Santa Rosario, CA



## Information Wanted...

### Old Aluminum Runabouts

Having had no success in searching the internet, I'm hoping that the boat lore possessed by readers of *MAIB* can help me. Does anyone know of a fraternity, or club, or organization, involved in the history and preservation of old aluminum runabouts? I'm interested in the soft chine, low horse power, pleasure boats (of 16' or so) that were common from post WWII through the 1960s, at which time fiberglass became the principal alternative to wood construction.

Also, does anyone have information on similar clubs involved with the first generation FRP Glass Master powerboats?

Rick Katurbus, P.O. Box 46, Thiells, NY 10984

### Bill Foden's Yuloh Plans

The January 1st issue carried an article by Bill Foden, "The Skyliner Yuloh & Sculling Oar". Detailed plans and instructions were offered by Mr. Foden for \$9.95. Because I wanted to try the yuloh with a Jim Michalak design I am building, I promptly sent a cheque for the instructions. Three or four weeks went by with no response but I quite uncharacteristically curbed my impatience. A short while later I received a letter from Mr. Foden's son informing me of Bill's sudden and unexpected death. The family was attempting to honor the MAIB offer but problems with their computer's memory made the effort problematic. A week or so later I received a second letter from the son regretfully reporting his inability to reconstruct Bill's project; my cheque was returned. Also enclosed was a copy of Bill's obituary, he sounded a most interesting person and someone I am sorry to have never met.

It is my hope that one of your readers may have obtained a copy of this yuloh package before Bill's death and the crash of his computer. Should such be the case, or if someone was able to successfully construct and install the "bumpkin" portion of this project, I would very much like to communicate with him or her.

Bruce W. Given, 1504 Lake Christopher Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23464

## Opinions...

### Building Boats & Writing

I know you think I don't do anything but write these wild stories but the fact is, this is my busiest boat season and the two go together. My outlaw method requires long waiting periods while epoxy hardens and wood warps to suit me. I work, off and on, twenty four hours a day to accommodate the peculiar schedule.

I used to build furniture, doors and windows and such for a little spending loot between the payment of the 20% deposit and the big money when I finally deliver the boat but I have become so opinionated that I have run all those people off. Shoot, I don't need no spending loot anyway now that my taxes are paid.

This computer is mighty handy hooked to its battery right here in the shop. All I have to do once the epoxy is ooped on is flop down and snatch the rag off the keyboard and whip

out a little literature. Gives me a chance to get off my old sore feet. The actual low point in writing production comes when I finish the spring boat (can't build but three a year here lately). That's when I do my serious messing... can't get to no computer out there on the water.

Some of these waiting times have been long enough to let me do a good bit of messing this spring (my tomato and pepper plants were set out February 18th). That little felucca sure turned out to be a primo fresh water fishing boat. It is so fat in the bow that I can put my wife or a child or two in the stern and sit on the mast thwart with my knees against the breasthook and scull over the stem in the southern fashion (described in the story) while I fish. It sits still in the water and doesn't drift all over the pond and is actually a big enough boat for two grown people. We have been catching them too, a lucky boat. The only trouble has been that my baby granddaughter keeps dropping the worms in the daggerboard hole. This last trip, she wedged a big bluegill ("bluebeam") down in there so tight that I had to turn the boat over and poke him out from the bottom. He was delicious too.

Robb White, Thomasville, GA

## This Magazine...

### Satisfactory Response

I received a most satisfactory response to my query about a sailing dinghy that was made in Canada from reader Don Traut who had sailed one in his youth that belonged to his parents. Don sent me a copy of a brochure he had that showed the sail configuration which was a tremendous help in putting me on the right track.

A. Bennett Wilson, Topping, VA

### I'll Bet You Two Bits

If you don't have a copy of *The Wind in the Willows*, I'll bet you two bits you can't give me the first five words of that famous statement by Ratty that includes your magazine's name.

H.S. Thompson, Harbour Hts., FL

**Editor Comments:** I sent him the two bits.

## Useful Information...

### Typhoon Sails On

I followed with great interest each installment of "Track of the *Typhoon*" during 1999. Whenever I read a story like that, I always wonder what happened to the boat in the story. I was recently reading an article about replicas of Joshua Slocum's *Spray* that have been built over the years. One of the replicas mentioned was built by a Mr. Frederic B. Lawrence. She was launched on August 1, 1993 and was named *Double Crow*. The article was mainly about how and why Mr. Lawrence chose to build a *Spray* replica. What caught my eye was the statement "Much of the hardware is from the ex-vessel *Typhoon*, which was constructed by Alexander Graham Bell at his shop for his chief pilot Casey Baldwin."

I think that it is wonderful that some part of the *Typhoon* is still out there sailing and bringing someone that special joy that comes from being out on the water in a boat.

William C. Vines

### Just Not Thinking Big Enough

Jim Betts just wasn't thinking big enough with his "Condoship" concept a few years back. The enclosed ad appeared in a recent issue of the auction firm Christies magazine;

Kinley Gregg, York, ME.

## THE WORLD of ResidenSea

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It will offer 110 spacious, fully furnished residences,

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and complete resort amenities and services.

The World will continuously circumnavigate

the globe in pursuit of the natural, historic

and cultural attractions of the world.

Completion is projected for December 2001.

### Jack's Dog

It's a little difficult to tell but that looks like it may be a Bouvier Des Flandres with Jack Hornung in his Adirondack guideboat on page 13 of the March 1st issue. Boats to one the side for the moment, Bouviers are fantastic family dogs. They're wonderful with children as well as being excellent guard dogs. They're the most wonderful and faithful and level headed dogs and if that is one I compliment Mr. Hornung for his discriminating taste.

Although I never had the money to compete with the big boys and their professional handlers, years ago I produced several champions from my small kennel. My show dogs were obedience and attack trained and I never worried about my family with a Bouvier around. The dignified dirty beard, I have so many wonderful memories of them.

Tony Topolski, Eden, MD

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Several nibbles on a Livery Whitehall stashed in a barn back at the old Virginia digs seemed a good excuse for a trip east last fall. The jaunt would give me a chance to hit the Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival at St. Michaels, Maryland and visit around with all the nuts (cognoscenti, devotees). In addition, Steve Axon late of Salt Lake City, and well known to Kokopelli followers, promised to be there with family and new cruising boat. To put the icing on the cake, we talked Dennis Bradley, celebrated Long Micro cruiser into bringing the Monroe Egret down from Minnesota. It promised to be a great get together.

The run was unprecedented in that I had no trailer and only the old superlight Urbanna Rocket on top of the truck. I rolled into St. Michaels early on the Friday afternoon and parked next to a large trailer, which assured me that the Egret must be afloat. The camping field was already awash in tents as I headed for the welcome booth manned by John Ford with Marc Barto kibitzing.

John has been operations director at Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum for most of the time since the halcyon days of lovely flaming haired Kate McCormick, and has overseen the remarkable growth of the event. MASCF, easily the premier event of its type in the country, is probably unique in being guided by a volunteer committee which sets policy and sees to running the program.

Steve hove into view and we set off to find the fabulous Egret. The Egret is a 26' sharpie designed by Ralph Monroe and sailed by him during the early days in south Florida. She has a reputation for being very seaworthy. For more information read Monroe's *The Commodore's Story* and Vincent Gilpin's *Good Little Ship*. Ruel Parker has plans for a plywood version in his *Sharpie Book*. She is a very attractive boat but it was generally felt that she is under canvassed for protected waters.

After a nice sail it was time to belly up to the grill for samples of oysters, crab, and whatever else one could cadge from the more provident types who brought all manner of raw flesh, wurst, burgers, and such. A keg on ice was a welcome accompaniment. After dark there was an attractive singing, storytelling couple in the auditorium and general camaraderie under the big tent.

Saturday started off with the usual perfect fall weather and John Ford laying out the coffee and goodies. A few exuberant types

## St. Michaels, Urbanna, Thomasville & Points West On the Road Again

By Jim Thayer

are always out unlimbering oars and paddles but most are content to lean on the railing, slurping coffee and gnoshing donuts while making profound comments on one boat or another.

There are all manner of interesting and informative talks and workshops, most of which seem to be ending by the time I have looked and chatted my way to their location. I did get to one, however, and was most impressed by Ahren Sargent's presentation on outboard motors. It was most competent, but I kept drifting back to the early days when Ahren and his cohort were knee-high ankle biters and there was always a rush to book the Superlight Rocket for the kids rowing races. I brought along the Rocket this year and nobody ever mentioned it. I guess time and kayaks have passed me by. I was gratified to see Ahren carry off first for oar on gunnel.

The big deal on Saturday is the sailing race. David Cockey organized the thing with the traditional chart which doesn't show the marks. This is not like those races where you see a photo of forty sail, all just alike. Here you have probably nearly a hundred rigs, everything but a crab claw, with possibly no two hulls the same. It's all in good fun with no cries of "starboard" or "overlap", and no room for sea lawyers. However, there were, this year, accusations of serious misconduct and rumors of payoffs. All the more shocking because the person suspected has been for years a model of integrity and a selfless, dedicated volunteer.

I was stationed on the foredeck of the Egret with the video camera and Dennis kept us in the thick of the action. Although I saw much of the race through the small viewfinder it was still inspiring and I have since relived the thrills several times through the magic of electronics.

Even though Egret is over twice as long, Dan Muir's Pickle stayed right with us the whole way. Doubtless we didn't point as well with the gaff ketch rig, still the conclusion is

that she could use more sail.

As well as sailing, there were rowing and paddling races for kids, ladies, and gents. Unfortunately, there was no class for geezers from Colorado. The kids tend mostly to kayaks nowadays, which is not nearly as entertaining as a field of kids, hardly big enough to lift an oar, trying to get around a course looking over their shoulders. Oh to have had a video at some of those early Urbanna meets.

Saturday night was the big banquet under the tent. It brings back fond memories of dorm food. Afterward there is a formal program, usually a speaker with slides, in the auditorium. Later still, Andre deBardaleban set up a telescope to suck down stars and a musical group got wound up. Moondance fiddle man John Thomson usually has something going but this year it was over the top with strings, a penny whistle, and Irish drum, which got a bunch dancing. Good enough to keep me up past my bedtime.

Sunday morning was a reprise of Saturday with sun coming through a forest of masts to highlight the steam from dozens of cups. There was a worship service and a parade of boats through the main harbor. I was on the bulkhead, video camera braced on a piling, trying to get some decent footage when Clyde Wisner toolled up in his electric Bolger Lily and offered a ride. I proceeded to get closeups of everything, not to mention an appreciation of electric boats.

This was a vintage year for electric boats. Besides the Lily there was the Elco running capacity tours, a very elegant Elliot Bay hull with cabin, and a Sea Pearl which I believe may have had one of those Ray electric outboards. I never did take a close look at it.

There are always a number of fellows looking to make a buck from the boat business. Well, I guess I wouldn't actually refuse a sale myself. That kit guy from Annapolis had over twenty boats, which seemed like a deliberate attempt to get attention. Our old friend and guru Ben Fuller, facial adornment grander than ever, was chatting up Carl Stambaugh, whose catboat type cat ketch had a resemblance to Bahama Mama. Andre deBardaleban and his lovely helper could generally be found alongside one of his boats. I've never known him to be reticent about discussing one of his craft.

Hugh Horton, who specializes in exotic sailing kayaks, always has something to marvel at. His spars are hollow, high tech, and





carbon fiber reinforced. He had a 15oz hollow sprit. His Kevlar coaming and leeboard support combined with flawless woodwork shows what can be done with skill and imagination, not to mention long hours. John Thomson, who always brings a Moondance as well as his fiddle, had a larger model this year called the Green Heron.

(Well, as I write I'm in the copilot seat, pounding up the Rio Grande valley, so I don't have any notes and I didn't take any anyway, so these are just some of my fuzzy recollections. As always it was a great party and one of the few affairs to justify braving the Interstates).

Linda Bradley, with some trepidation but admirable spunk, volunteered to run the Nissan down to Urbanna while Dennis hauled the Egret. Relieved of said burden, I signed on with Axon and shortly after noon Sunday we departed St. Michaels under sail, accompanied by the Presto Sharpie, which Steve had spoken earlier, and the Egret.

It was fair sailing for a while but then fell very light and we were surprised by the Egret's speed with the 9.9 outboard. She squatted down and gained about three feet of waterline aft.

The Presto led us into a snug anchorage and we all rafted up to have a gem and compare boats. Kate set to work with the crab gear and managed to get a couple apiece for the big boat crews. The Egret and crew then repaired back to St. Mikes to pull the boat and prepare for the jaunt south.

The Presto crew supplied eating expertise, a nice bottle, and, with shells over the side, a concertina and splendid entertainment. *Que fin de semana tan buena!*

The Monday dawned drizzly and dreary. We followed the Presto out and, after sniffing disdainfully at the stiff southern breeze, turned and ran up the Wye, sniffing disdainfully at the nouveau riche places despoiling the pleasant countryside. There is nothing like a small boat or a sailboat to empower one's disdainful sniffing. Even an old pickup works pretty well. I suppose that the other side is at it in their turn but certainly they lack the moral high ground.

There followed three days of mostly spirited sailing down the bay, with stops at Solomons Turned Marina and the honest working port of Reedville. Thursday afternoon found us pinching and tweaking the sheets to lay the center span of the Rappahannock River bridge. We dropped the hook in Urbanna in late afternoon, which allowed time to lay in supplies and ring up Vera England for a ride to the Nissan which was stored at her place.

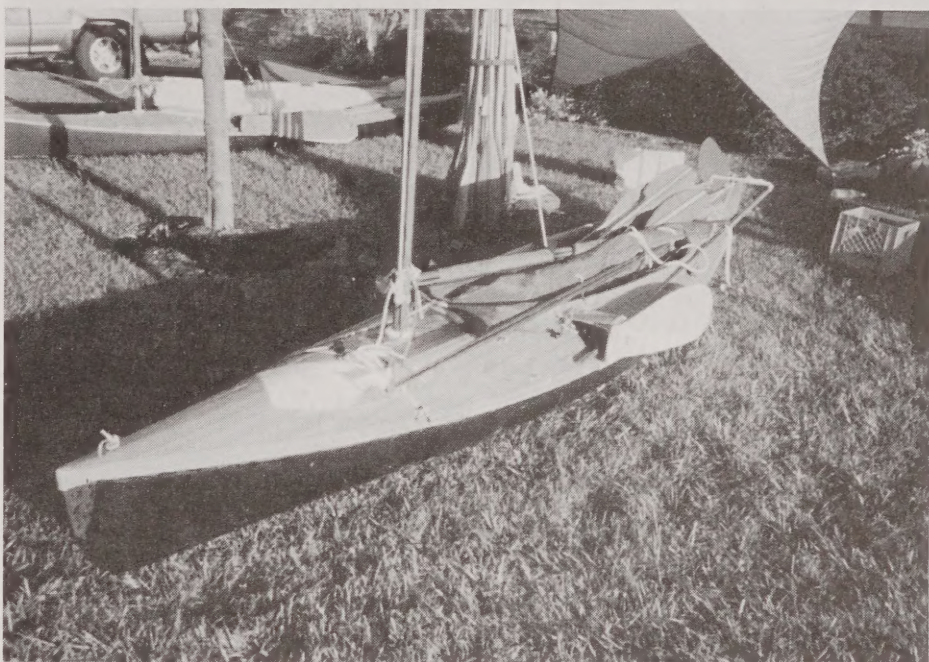
Turned out that we missed the Egret by two hours as they felt constrained to head back north. To prove he is a real upscale yachtsman, Steve did burgers on a taffrail grill.

Off the Jersey coast Steve had popped the bobstay, which let the forestay pull the boltheads through the teak bowsprit and pretzel the pulpit. So much for meticulous preparation. He had been running jury rigged with a wary eye on the stuff up in the air. Urbanna seemed like a good place to get straightened out since I had wheels and knew the country.

We did some maintenance on my cement boat, which I am always delighted to find floating, and since it was low tide, rolled up our sleeves and fingered some oysters. After riding the free ferry across the Western Branch we dropped in at John McConico's Yankee Point



A sampling of Chesapeake Lightcraft.

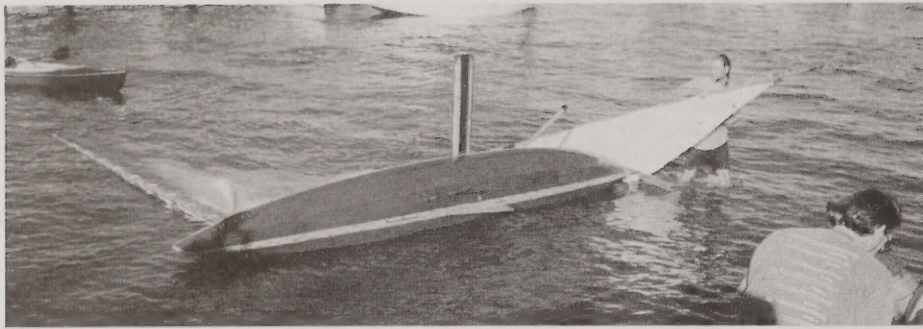


Hugh Horton's slick canoe/kayak.

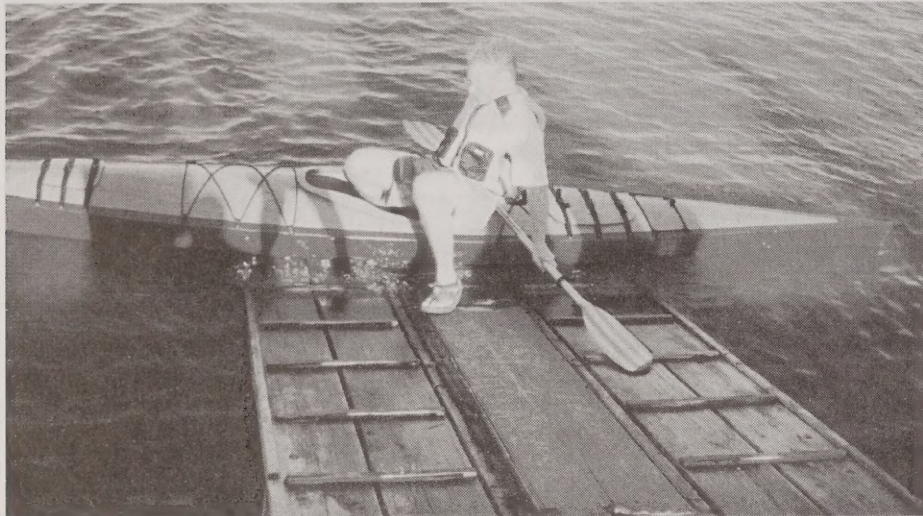
The Ubiquitous Elco.







Standard rigging drill for Dan Sutherland.



Easy does it.

Nice ketch.



Sailboat Marina, possibly the user friendliest place on the east coast, to see what they could offer in way of repair. Dave, the shop man, was most helpful.

We also hit the salvage place in Irvington on the lookout for a pulpit. We didn't find anything that appealed but the place is worth a trip just to see the mediaeval machine shop where they make aluminum hand wheels.

A chance encounter illustrates the vagaries of the boat business. I had called the prospect in Annapolis and it seems he had just brought his big boat back from down east. I guess it was a rough trip because he didn't even want to think about boats, let alone buy one.

Coming back from an exploration to Deltaville, Steve spotted a nautical consignment shop. On entering, Steve heard a man telling the prop that he was looking for a Whitehall. Steve, a born salesman, immediately started extolling my Whitehalls. I had to alibi the sorry state of the Rocket on the truck but the guy was sufficiently interested to exchange phone numbers. I thought no more about it as these things seldom pan out.

Later, I snagged another bucket of oysters and we showed up unannounced on John England's doorstep waving the bucket and inquiring after his kitchen facilities. John soon had our booty in the oven on cookie sheets while I unlimbered 1500 ml of Chardonnay I had procured up the Wye. Steve has a phobia about white wine, deigning perhaps to wash dishes or brush his teeth with it. This evening however, I don't recall any comment. Meanwhile, I took advantage of John's phone to nail down a deal for the boat with a guy in Charleston. There was only a dribble left when Vera showed up to witness the end of the orgy.

Next morning we went our separate ways into a foggy drizzle. Checking my phone drop at the brother-in-law's place, I found two messages from the Deltaville guy. He called again in a few minutes, from close by, and was on the scene before I got the door unscrewed. He must be serious. I should never have let him see it. He was distinctly unhappy when I told him it was sold, as he had already pictured himself rowing around the harbor at the Urbanna Oyster Festival. It ain't easy being a boatbuilder.

With a little spit and polish the boat was ready for delivery to Charleston and we were on the road again. The Charleston delivery was welcome because it is just a hop and skip to Daufuskie Island where Bob and Emily Burn hold forth. Bob has built two of my boats and done five transatlantics, including an early Ostar, in his Great Dane 28. It's always an inspiration to be on the water with them, if only for the run to Savannah.

I was trapped on Daufuskie for several agreeable extra days by a dud hurricane, but eventually found myself headed south again. My goal was Interstate 10 west and a likely route seemed to lead right past Thomasville, Georgia. Those of you who have been enjoying Robb White's charming reminiscences the past couple of years will know what this portends.

A phone call brought a hospitable invitation in a distinctly southern accent. Following directions, I proceeded up a long driveway to a yard dominated by an industrial strength open steel shed, mostly full of wood. The only boats in evidence were a faded glass auxiliary and a neat outboard skiff of peculiar construction, hooked to an older station wagon.



Some dedicated banging on the front door brought the boatbuilder from his shop built on the end of the house, and I was face to face with Robb White, the celebrated author himself. He conducted me straightaway to one of those well-kept shops that magnifies my feeling of guilt and inadequacy. I try to rationalize my slovenliness as the mark of, even an essential of, the true artiste. It's pretty hard to defend such a conceit in the presence of Robb's work.

Just being finished up was a beamy little double ender, the epitome of lightness, with even a hollow tiller. A pivoting daggerboard allowed for adjusting balance. The planking was Robb's trademark eighth-inch plank with glass overlay. The planks are given the proper curve and overlaid with glass before going on the boat. When reading one of Robb's early pieces about his planking I was skeptical, but having seen the finished product and broken up a scrap, I'm persuaded that it is plenty strong. It does however, require plenty of labor and demands good resaw capabilities. Robb uses duct tape tires on his band saw in preference to the stock rubber. And I've had a band saw fire sitting around over a year waiting for a tire!

I got a complete tour of the shop with helpful hints and little demos of technique. Robb uses scrapers instead of sandpaper, roughs up epoxy with 3-M scouring pads, swears by Dave Cannell's saw blades, and sticks his mast staves down on tape so that they roll up neat as anything. I had a whole page of notes on this visit but they are hiding somewhere at home.

(We have just come through Durango as I write this, and with a dry road should get over Red Mountain before dark. Janis has been on the wheel all day because it's her car, quick trip, no boat. It has just occurred to me that if I bought her a nice new SUV I could be whisked about the country while reading good books, writing up travel tales and catching up on my sleep. She probably wouldn't allow a trailer, however).

After looking over the shop at length we had a look around the yard. Robb clearly has a feeling for machinery and detailed the resurrection of a small outboard engine and explained an old planer he had powered with a one cylinder diesel. He also has his own woodlot with a skidder and a nice bandmill for getting out his own lumber.

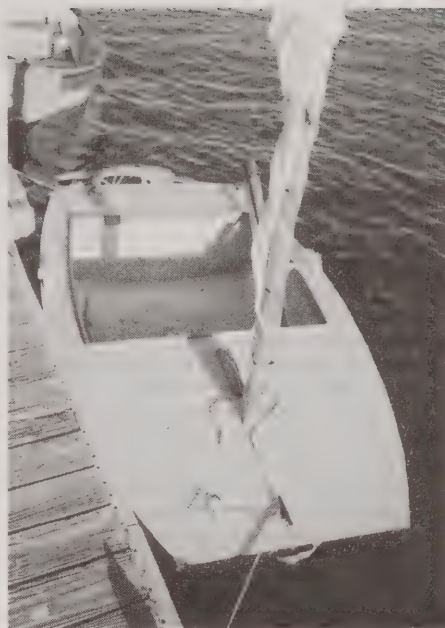
No telling what he thought of the Folding Schooner hanging lopsidedly on the home-made trailer I had just salvaged from the Virginia jungle.

Like many boatbuilders, Robb has a varied background, including time in front of a public school classroom. You may also have noted from a couple of pieces that he is a marine biologist and a keen observer of the natural world.

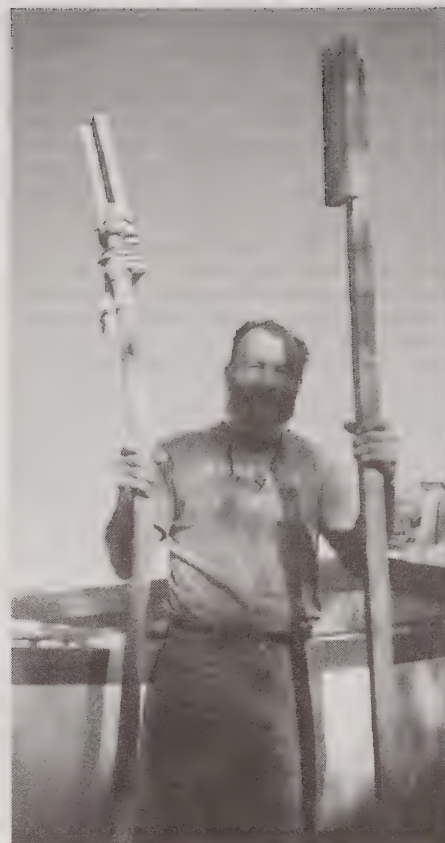
I suppose we already have a plenty of boatbuilding books but I'm thinking there might be room for one more. If Robb were to lay out all his ideas and techniques liberally larded with those interesting tales of the past I think he might have something.

I came away much enthused, vowing to get busy on some innovative projects and for sure make some hollow spars. It's way too late now but I sure wish I had known one could raise a wife from a girl.

Interstate 10 is a long haul across swamps and plains to Las Cruces, New Mexico, where



Above: George Spragg's workboat Punkin is usually sailing.



Right: Bro John with instant oars.

Below: Dewitt Smith gets a Folding Schooner, fresh from 25 years in a Virginia jungle.



I found my brother hanging out. Elephant Butte Reservoir is just 80 miles up the road so we determined that we should jerk a Nina down from Colorado and do some sailing.

We failed to find any oars but a couple of bean poles from my dad's garden and scraps from the woodpile produced a couple of Haitian oars and we were off. We happened onto a map at a real estate office which clearly showed that every foot of land around the entire lake belongs to the New Mexico State Parks. It would cost us the normal camping fee to use the ramp and cruise the lake. Well, let's think about that.

Well to the north, past most of the development, we found some access and slid her in. We hid the truck in a patch of bush and hoped for the best. There wasn't a breath of air so we ran out our motley oars and started stirring the water. We didn't look too elegant but we moved. It was a long haul across to the nice harbor on the eastern side, and getting dark by the time we ran up on a rocky beach. We ate supper sort of by feel. Forgot the lantern.

Bro John had a tent and I bunked on the boat. It was nearly dead calm but there was a nasty bobble all night long. The mast, from



some previous boat, had a taper at the lower end so it whacked around all night in its pipe step. Should have taken it down.

Dawn brought a school of good-looking fish. They weren't bottom feeders and they took no interest in anything we had. Bro John just happened to have 12' of net in his pack. Poles were rigged on the ends, pants shed, and we began the stalk to get between them and open water. They either weren't very wary or they were laughing so hard they couldn't move. I could taste them when they all decided to go right under the net. Fried bread for breakfast.

There was just enough air to move. We were headed north toward a red outcropping that had been our original goal when coming across. It was slow going but then we didn't really have to get there. In time we did and then had a drawn out lunch while headed back west.

Since it didn't look like there was going to be any sailing, we decided to punt and go

home. That being the case it was time to get serious with the oars. We were getting right along, changing off every half hour or so, when Bro John got a little too exuberant and broke the blade off one oar. We tied it back together so it was shorter but certainly had more drag which is one of the prime prerequisites of a good oar. Unfortunately the drag was pretty much omnidirectional.

I had made note of some mountains that lined up as we left the put in, but they were soon swallowed up by higher mountains behind them. Now they were no help at all. We knew that home lay to the south of our course, because a headland cut off the view of our outcropping if we got too far north. We could see our cove just ahead but no truck. No truck at the next one, nor at the one after that. Our reasoning was impeccable, we just had to go further south. Ah, yes, I remember the trees, but alas, no truck. Could someone have pinched it? The park guys may have hauled it away.

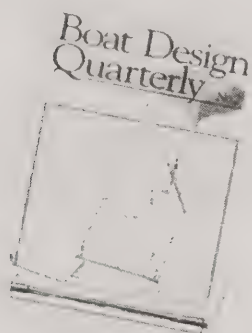
The sun was dropping fast. Gorgeous colors were being enfolded by multihued purple shadows but we were too preoccupied to enjoy. Finally, a couple more headlands, and

there was everything just as we had left it. Should have brought the GPS.

The hot sailor would have pronounced the trip a bust. The keen oarsman would have laughed. However, for a couple of guys who just like to get out, enjoy some fresh air, soak up the scenery, do a little hiking and fishing, it was a great success.

There are some obscure dirt roads on the east side of the lake and it's likely some spots where one could launch without worrying about officialdom. Next spring when they turn on the wind we'll check it out and let you know.

By now you may suspect what's coming next. Right, it's the super video offer. The main feature is the Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival. If you were there you are probably in it. If you weren't there, this is the next best thing. It also has a little bit of my visit with Robb White and some highlights of the 99 Kokopelli. Two hours of glorious boat stuff. Can anyone have too much glorious boat stuff? Rush check or money order for \$17.50 to Grand Mesa Boatworks, Super Video Offer, Rt. 1 Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624.



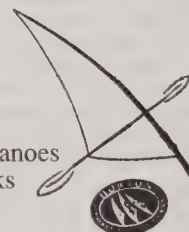
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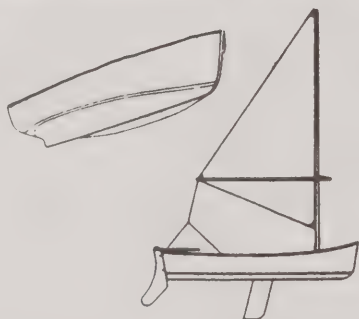
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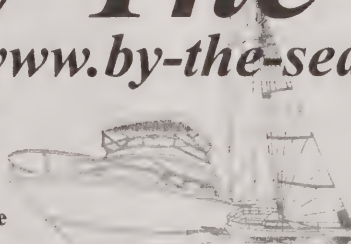


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About 1965 or so, I built an eyeball replica of the old *Nueva Eva*, 19', a Puerto Rican sloop that we had when I was in the Navy. It was a good boat for us when my sons were little. Though it was an open boat, it would easily carry us and all our camping stuff for long trips in the big water. Like the real *Nueva Eva*, it had a long straight keel with very little drag (only drew 18") and would balance to self sail on the wind.

We made many a long voyage of exploration in the open water of the Gulf of Mexico and the bays, rivers and marshes around here in that old boat, trips that were the joy of our youth. We played like we were original discoverers as we sailed into places where there was no sign that we weren't the first. Even in less pristine new ground, we developed the talent of ignoring the beer cans and fishing skiffs out on the flats as we explored ahead, little lookouts on the bow hanging by the forestay, supper cooking on the coal pot in the sandbox on top of the live well.

Early one spring we were on the eastern tip of St. George Island (where the state park is now, "four wheel drive vehicles only on the beach" the sign says). We had the *New Neva Eva* anchored in a little sand bar cove and had gone ashore in the skiff to mess around while we waited for the tide to run out enough to dig a few clams.

You know there are five kinds of edible clams in Apalachee Bay. One is the regular old *Campecheins* quahog, the ones the wild people called "female clam". Some of them here are as big as a grapefruit and one of them is a chowder right by herself, if you can bring yourself to kill a twelve year old girl. Another is the *Sun Ray Venus*, a very active, well decorated clam that can dig as fast as you can (depending on who you are). They are sandy inside and considered to be inedible by most people but if you know what you are doing, they are better than the big hard clams.

There is also the great seaside cockle whose shells used to be so thick on the sea-side of the barrier islands that we used to build igloos out of them when we were children, but now are kept pretty well picked up by eager women who think they need to own every sea shell they see. Sunray clams are pretty agile but nothing compared to a live cockle (a seldom seen thing). Cockles have such a long, prehensile foot that they can climb out of a pretty good sized bucket, maybe jump out. Cockles are even more full of sand than sunrays but, if you know what you are doing, are delicious. You have to watch out if you fry them for fritters though, they'll pop hot grease on you worse than anything I ever saw.

Then there are two kinds of clams that Atlantic people call soft clams which live in permanent, deep burrows on the flats. One makes the shells that are called "angel wings". The wild people called them "male clam". There is another male clam too but he is seldom seen and I can't find any mention in the literature. This is a giant burrowing clam almost as big as the geoduck of the west coast. Anatomically, they look like the soft clams they have over on the Atlantic side but are much bigger. I think that one reason they are not well known is that they live in a hole about four or five feet deep dug into the roots of the grass of the flats. We planned to enhance the one pot meal we had simmering in the sandbox with one or two of those kinds of clams when the tide fell.

## The Time We Almost Lost The Chicken Feed Skiff

By Robb White

While we were waiting, we had walked a long way west up the seaside beach when we saw a long line of black clouds coming down the bay. We picked up both little boys and started trotting back to the boat but were too late. Even though the rain didn't start before we got there, the blow did and was so strong out of the northeast that it blew our aluminum skiff off the beach where we had pulled it up and whipped it out into the bay.

I put my boy down and lit out running but by the time I got as close to it as I could get, it was way too far to swim after and was scooting along so fast that I couldn't have caught it if I had been an Olympian, so we hurried to the big boat only to find that it was landlocked by the falling tide. We dug a little ditch in the sand and by hauling her down by the halyard and washing with a bucket in the driving rain, finally managed to get her out of the hole and into floating water.

By then the skiff was long gone and it was late in the afternoon. I might have considered letting the darn thing go because it was getting cold and windy and we would have to sail dead downwind but it was a good skiff and had a good old Evinrude weedless three on it that I had unloaded many a boxcar of chicken feed to scratch up the scratch for when I was a boy and was dearly beloved to me (still is).

We scrambled in and snatched up every scrap of sail the old boat would stand and she would bear a lot. We boiled off downwind down the bay into the sunset smashing into the backs of the waves and steering fine to avoid yawing enough to jibe or even broach to in the big following sea that was blowing in through the pass between St. George and Dog Island. Straight-up downwind sailing has always been a rare thing with us and it was exhilarating business despite the fact that the skiff was out of sight by now and we knew that we were in for a long cold night.


When it got dark it got real dark. The sky was overcast and the moon wasn't due to rise until some eleven o'clock or so. We just held on downwind and decided to go until I could tell that we were fixing to run up on Porter Bar way the-Hell-and-gone down by East Point where the last light showed the downwind drift to hit the land. I knew the tide would still be rising when we got there so I figured to just round up in the shallows and wait for daylight or the moon to peek through a gap in the clouds enough to try to look for the skiff. The wind was so steady that I hoped it would be in sight stranded on the bar just downwind.

As usual, once the plan was made, we relaxed as well as we could in the fast sailing boat (which, it don't pay to act smug about your yacht when in the presence of a Caribbean sailing smack going dead downwind in a good breeze). While we were eating our clamless chowder and crackers with cheese I could see a hint of the moon every now and then and by the time the boys were sleeping under their sail on the life preservers under the foredeck, the sky was clear and the

almost-still-full moon was shining bright. The wind was even moderating a little bit when I finally saw the skiff, aluminum gleaming in the moonlight, as it slid bow first down the bay.

When we finally caught it (a lost aluminum skiff with only a light outboard motor and a pair of oars for ballast will plane in twenty knots of wind) it was late at night and we were fifteen miles downwind of all our camping stuff. We began the long, long beat up the bay. Those shallow keel style sailboats are not built to go dead upwind. The people who normally use them are not frantic about where they think they need to be all the time like most North Americans. The old boat would beat upwind though if it wasn't pinched too close. I learned that it was best to try to make just the least little gain to the tack and keep the boat sailing along at a good clip instead of creeping along and sliding sideways.

This one would self sail just right without having to tie the rudder so all I had to do was push the tiller a little while my wife wordlessly reached up from her warm nest and backed the forestaysail with her foot for each tack. We sailed all night in the clear air with the water sparkling in the moonlight around us. The next day was wonderfully clear too and they dug sand fleas (*Emerita*, "mole crabs") and caught the delicious pompanos off the sea side and fried them for our lunch while I snoozed in the warm sand. Dang, I believe I'll go try to lose that skiff again.



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Put-in at Lock #12 Marina in Whitehall, New York on May 24th.



North with the geese down the Richelieu River.

In lock #9 in the Chambley Canal.



## Paddling 'Round The Gaspé Peninsula

By Reinhard Zollitsch

### Part I

The Gaspé Peninsula in the Gulf of Saint Lawrence has always been dear to my heart. It was here that I took my first camping trip after arriving in the new world from Germany and fell in love with a bright young girl from Maine. 36 years later, Nancy is still by my side, but at 60 I needed to refresh my memory of the splendid, bold landscape of the Gaspé, this time from the sea.

I had done several long open-water trips in my 17' Verlen Kruger sea-canoe, along the Atlantic coast from Boston to Machias, Maine (MAIB, April 1, 1998), around all big lakes in New England and New Brunswick (MAIB, April 15, 1999), but the St. Lawrence, the Gulf and Chaleur Bay would be a new and formidable challenge for any small boater, especially solo. Furthermore, I had always wanted to canoe 1000 miles, and after some jostling of options, I finally came up with a perfect plan for the summer of the last year of the millennium.

I would start at the southernmost tip of Lake Champlain, at Whitehall, NY, check out that last and biggest of our New England lakes and continue due north down the Richelieu River into the St. Lawrence and on to Québec, as Samuel de Champlain had done in 1609 on his way back from Fort Ticonderoga. No, he did not find a route to the Atlantic (the Hudson-Champlain canal was not built yet, nor did he find the real Great Lakes, not on this trip anyway, despite New York's and Vermont's repeated claim to Great Lakes fame), but he must have found an awesome, big and beautiful lake.

In late May school was out and "Old Teach" was free to pack his gear. It happened to be our 35th wedding anniversary, when Nancy and I drove to the put-in in Whitehall, and we spent a wonderful time, including a farewell dinner, in the historic Finch and Chubb Inn right next to Lock 12, the last lock of the Hudson-Champlain canal.

With all gear for two weeks safely stowed and tied down in waterproof bags, charts, compass and stop-watch mounted or secured in front of me, with sprayskirt on, I headed due north on the compass, wondering, thinking, and trying to anticipate what lay ahead. Thinking about the entire trip, 1000 miles solo in a sea-canoe on open water which would get worse as the trip progressed, was too daunting and intimidating. So I limited my concern to the first four miles, the first hour, and so on, just as Bob did in the movie "What about Bob?" Break it down into "babysteps", one step or one mile or just the next point or headland at a time. And it worked. Thanks, Bob.

My goal for the day is 25 miles, so I had carefully studied the maps and charts to see where that would be and where I could stop for the night and pitch my little Timberline tent. Since I was totally self-contained, (I only needed to replenish my two three gallon water tanks twice), I avoided towns, marinas, campgrounds and the like, except for an occasional phone call home to report my progress and whereabouts.



The first night saw me camped in a spot where I could see Fort Ticonderoga out my front door. My green tent and green tarp over my boat made me practically invisible on that tiny patch of green grass.

I was truly impressed with the beauty and remoteness of the western shore of Lake Champlain. Mountains right down to the water's edge, a steep granite shoreline with cedars clinging to every cleft in the rocks and from each point the magnificent views of the distant mountains of the Lake Placid area and of course across the lake on the Vermont side. Beyond the only bridge across the lake at Crown Point, the lake gets big, big and windy, very windy in places.

I danced or slugged my way north through The Narrows with impressive Split Rock Mountain on my left, around Split Rock and Hatch Point, still adhering to my pre-set 25 miles a day pace all the way up to Valcour Island, just south of Plattsburg. And what a lovely surprise and respite this was. I found a wonderfully protected crescent beach on the western shore with huge oak trees at its rim for shade. Two sailboats stopped in around supper time, otherwise I had the beach to myself, as on most of my overnight spots.

A big fog bank over the open lake the next day made me head prudently back across towards Plattsburg and Bluff Head rather than cutting across to Crab Island and on to Cumberland Head. The landscape was changing abruptly at this point. The mountains were distant memories and the shoreline was flattening out, allowing more and more summer homes to crowd right down to the water's edge.

One more night at the mouth of the Chazy river, and I was in Canada, past Fort Montgomery, the customs station and down the Richelieu River with flocks of noisy Canada geese overhead. The river was wide, with low banks covered with willow and poplar and tall marsh grasses extending far into the river. A thin line of smallish houses on both banks with flat farmland off behind it. At times I felt the river itself was the highest point around, which of course is impossible, but this was without a doubt one big flood plain, only interrupted by one mountain range at Mont St. Hilaire, visible for miles.

I spent three nights on the banks of the 70 mile stretch of the Richelieu River, and what an exciting time it was. It was a weekend, and everybody was out on the water or was jogging, hiking, biking, roller-blading, visiting or having a restful time on its banks. On the water was Memorial Day mayhem. I have never seen so many boats go that fast in such a restricted space in so many different directions as here on that weekend.

Under the Beloeil Bridge just upstream of Mont St. Hilaire, where the current was running real hard through the only navigable left span of the bridge, I met two ocean racing powerboats trying to pass each other with wide open throttle. One of the boats was decked out as a Bat-Mobile with a driver in a batman costume. The other boat was an evil black hull with a matching driver. (I am not making this up, folks. I am not suffering from sunstroke.) There were more ocean racers out that day, even catamarans, all going almost as fast as they could go, and as far as I could tell, nobody got hurt, and all had a good, i.e. wild and lawless time. It reminded me of the Walpurgisnacht scene in Goethe's Faust, devilishly wild and out of control. And on Mon-

day morning it was all over, maybe even quieter. This also was the time that I noticed that the Canadians do not observe Memorial Day, and this Monday and weekend for the same reason were just normal weekends.

Anyway, I was glad to get on with my trip. My nautical charts for the Richelieu were great, though expensive, but very necessary. It was a low-water spring, and the stretch of "The Thousand Rocks" would have been too hard on a fully loaded canoe, not to mention the two dams which would have necessitated portages anyway. So I opted to join a couple of sailors with masts down motorcruising down the 12.5 mile Chambly Canal. The nine locks and low swing bridges were quite an adventure, but in the end much easier than I had anticipated. I had to hold on to a rope while being lowered about 10' each time. The tenth lock at St. Ours was even easier since it had a floating dock inside the locks to tie up to or hold on to in my case. The lock fee is figured out on the length of the boats, regardless of how "fat" you are. For my 17' boat that came to a total of \$34 Canadian, definitely worth it for me.

From St. Ours the Richelieu is tidal for the last ten or so miles to Sorel where it joins the mighty St. Lawrence. And it is a mighty river, and I admit I underestimated it, at least I did so on the 130 mile stretch from here to Québec. I thought I could just hang a right in Sorel, go basically NE and hang on the right shore till I saw the dual bridges at Québec. How difficult can that be? I was so cocky, or rather uninformed and maybe also a bit cheap to think I could save \$100 for the four nautical charts. But I soon paid for it.

The islands and shallows from Sorel into Lac St. Pierre are so confusing and unnerving that I ended up so close to the shipping lanes that I could read the names of the ships on their bows. I remember seeing one with an icebreaker bow, orange-red hull, and I knew from my sailing in the Baltic and North Sea that this was a Danish ship of the DAN lines. I was distinctly too close, especially when I encountered their bow wave and wake breaking in the shallower water I was in.

As always in situations like that, the situation was exacerbated by a 20 knot NE wind blowing against a strong ebbtide forcing its way through the restrictive islands, and a steady rain. I had to get out of there fast, and I finally found a short-cut through those endlessly long thin islands to the mouth of the St Francois River where I holed up for the night.

After a wet night, heavy fog greeted me the next day. After running my course for two hours towards the bridge at Trois Rivières, darting in and out around the myriads of salmon weirs, set up in the shallow water extending about three miles into the lake, I was stopped by a sailor in a navy airboat. "You have to go back where you came from." "Non!" I could not possibly find my way back, because I did not want to. "You go across the lake to the other shore." Ten miles in this weather with the wind still in the NE: "Non!" "Then you get out of your boat. We are shooting here." I could clearly hear that.

With my minimal French knowledge I finally figured out that I had drifted into a three mile by two mile military target practice range. My suggestion was, that they take a coffee break and let me paddle through. It would only be 45 minutes. He did not go for that; he did not even ask his superior but ordered me out

of my boat, told me to put my bowline over his bow cleat and hold on well, because here we go. And believe me, we went.

At first one mile into the lake with the waves running parallel to our course. Great, I thought, no problem. Thank you Verlen, for designing such a stable boat and thanks for laying it up in Kevlar because we were hitting the air boat. Then a 90 degree course change straight into the wind and waves, which were again whipped up by the tidal flow. The bow went under and water rushed over the cockpit cover.

I was glad I had a semi-decked canoe with a spray skirt, but I did not close the cockpit hole where I normally sit in. There was no way to close it, and my driver was not going to stop for anything trivial like that. Water splashed into the boat till the stern was completely in the water. The boat began to roll from side to side. She is going to roll over and swamp, I thought. I have to bail. I tried my best French. "Trop d'eau dans mon bateau. Lentement! Arrêtez! Au secours!"

By then we had gotten to the firing platform where I jumped out, bailed furiously, surveyed the damage, and was about to quietly sneak off towards Trois Rivières when I was informed that the trip was not over yet. Here we went again, this time into very shallow water. So that the airboat did not suck down or touch bottom, he opened his throttle wide and we flew across the grassland. My canoe with all its gear was furiously banging against the sides of the mothership, trading paint, rolling wildly, but catching itself each time. I wondered whether Verlen had put a counter-plate on the inside of the bow rope fitting to which I tied the bow line. It held, we stopped, I jumped into the water, bailed, got in, and paddled off without looking back.

Then finally there was the huge Trois Rivières bridge. I was wet, shivering and hungry. The wind increased to NE 25 mph. It was all white around me. Then I saw my overnight spot. It was perfect, the base of the huge powerline tower with its massive concrete feet that would give perfect wind protection for my little tent. There was a causeway out to it, some grass, a rocky beach to take-out and put-in the boat and deep water all around. It rained all night, but the essential gear was dry. My small propane stove did overtime.

Next day another 25 miles with lots of freighters steaming by. Every bend in the river looks like a big lake. To cover the river bend from Platon Point to St. Antoine de Tilly took me three hours, but then it was 12 miles. It was hard to adjust to such a large scale river coming from New England where the Penobscot, Kennebec or Connecticut are considered large.

After nine hours in the boat with minimal breaks (30 minutes total for the day), I was totally spent, my "tank was on empty" and I was looking for that flip switch the old VW beetles had to switch to the reserve tank. I could not find it, and beached my boat a good 1/3 of a mile off shore on the hard shoaling shelf of the river somewhere around St. Antoine de Tilly. I got caught at low tide at a long stretch of the river where the deep water was on the opposite shore. Portage, then collapse and slowly pick myself up again with coffee, cocoa or stale water by now tasting like the plastic bag it is stored in.

This was my last night on the river before Québec, and I was to phone home to ar-





Low tide on the St. Lawrence at St. Antoine.

range for a pick-up at the ferry dock at Lévis across from downtown Québec. That was just too bad, but I figured Nancy would figure things out anyway and be there at the usual high-noon pick-up. Then Jean-Michel, a young boy on a mountain bike showed up at my tent site out of nowhere, we talked and I asked

him to phone Nancy with a short message, which he did. Thanks, Jean-Michel.

The end of this first leg of my trip was perfect. Great weather, the tide turning at the Cartier/La Porte bridges, so I was nicely carried the last 12 miles to the ferry dock. But the wind sprang up again from the NE against the tide, which by now was running madly through the restricted area between Québec proper and Lévis to the south. The last mile I was dancing and thankful for the tiny beach just before the formidable ferry dock piers which jutted even farther into the river, causing the tide to rip and reverberate off the sheer sides.

I had barely lugged my boat and gear to the roadside beside the ferry terminal when I heard the familiar horn of my VW Golf and Nancy's friendly voice. I had made it, finished the first leg of my trip, 350 miles in 13 days, i.e. 27 miles per day on average. And to make my duplication of the 1609 Champlain trip perfect, Nancy had booked a room at that big place across the river where Champlain's fort used to be and from where he established his operations and founded the city of Québec: Le Chateau Frontenac. A real dinner in house with a bottle of local, i.e. Chambly/Richelieu beer with the apropos name "La Fin du Monde" ("The End of the World" or "Gespeg Gachepe Gaspé in Micmac") was a fitting end to a great and successful trip.

Now back to reality, the University of Maine in Orono, to teach summer school, to help out with the tuition of two of my kids who are still in college.



Take out at Lévis across from the Chateau Frontenac, Québec on June 5th, the end of the first part of the trip.

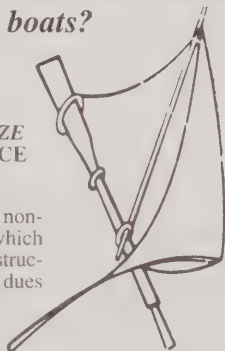
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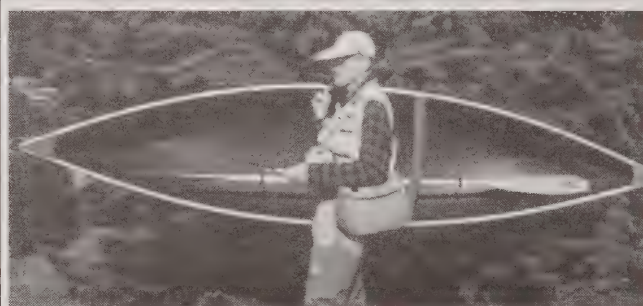
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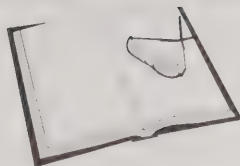
In 1970, Dr. Paul Magnuson decided to call a few of his friends after Labor Day and ask them to sail with him. Thus, the Hog Island series of races for Beetle Cats was born. Hog Island is the old name for Chapoquoit Island, which basically protects West Falmouth Harbor on Cape Cod from Buzzards Bay. The racing was held and deemed a success so it was continued in 1971.

1971 racing began on September 12 with 13 boats entered and continued every Sunday morning during September and October. At the completion of the racing that year, a tradition was started, and the racers gathered at a local home for the "Trophy Tea". There really wasn't any tea, but there was a trophy, a grand silver inlaid loving cup that started life in 1919 as the first prize in a squash tournament.

Another tradition was born that year when Sloat Hodgson, one of the sailors, decided to write a story about the races and submit it to the local newspaper, *The Falmouth Enterprise*, for publication, which was done on September 17, 1971.

These stories have continued weekly, every Fall since, and are the basis for Sloat's book, *The Hog Island Racers, Chronicles of the Launch Boy*. In 1972, Sloat began calling himself the Launch Boy, and has been known as that ever since. The book contains every article written and published in the *Enterprise* from September 12, 1971 to October 25, 1998. It is full of exciting pictures of the racing, which varied from no-wind drifters to real blows requiring reefs on the Beetle Cats. Sloat himself makes a decision every Sunday morning whether to race or not, and usually calls many of the competitors early in the day if a race is called off. He sets out the buoys, and tells the race committee what course to use.

The race committee at Hog Island is unique. As Sloat says, "They are a strong-minded group who run the races with great authority. They refuse to hear any pro-



## Book Review

### *The Hog Island Racers, Chronicles Of The Launch Boy*

By Sloat Hodgson  
P.O. Box 209

West Falmouth, MA 02574

312 pages \$20

plus \$5 mailing cost

Reviewed by Roy Terwilliger



tests as they feel that all the sailors know the rules and can settle their own differences." However, "they are not above asking a passing entrant how many minutes are left before the starting gun."

This honor system doesn't always work, however, and Sloat is not above letting the racers know what he thinks, as he wrote on October 1, 1978: "Black Sunday. Good manners, knowledge of rules and good sense all heaved out the window. There will be no complete results given of this race." The RC is manned by local volunteers and in recent years a team from Wild Harbor, just up the coast from West Falmouth, has performed the job admirably.

Although Sloat's book is not a publication in the "I can't put it down until the finish" category, he has a way with words that can't be beat. His descriptions of the wind, the sailing, the people, etc. are classics. Some examples of his writing style are as follows:

On tides: "The bottom of the harbor was too close to the top." "The tide had an appointment and was on its way out."

On Beetle Cats and their colorful sails: "It looked as though Santa had spilled a box of bright new toys or a handful of jewels."

On Hog Island racing: "Where else can you sail a hard race and then sail your boat ashore all standing, leap out, and be in the middle of a party."

On the wind: "The air wanted to be somewhere else and was in a hurry to get there." "Shifty northerlies annihilate the best planned tactics and cause strong men to weep."

The strength of Hog Island racing is the people, the sailors, the RC volunteers, the spectators, the food contributors of the for the party after racing, and Sloat Hodgson stands out among them. His book chronicles it all and provides a legacy to the fun of small boat sailing in West Falmouth Harbor in the Fall.

## 1999 Hog Island Series

By Roy Terwilliger

Labor Day was late last year (September 6) so the first race of the annual Hog Island Series in West Falmouth Harbor didn't get off until September 12, but by October 17 six excellent races had been held in varying amounts of wind and good weather. The nice weather brought out 28 boats to the first starting line, and there was always a good fleet every week.

As usual, there were sails of every color, from the somehow piratical black and white of the Yorks' to the solid green of the Knowles'. In addition to the sailors, the first race was also attended by Brian Tarcy, a journalist from the *Boston Globe*, and his story about the series, with excellent photographs, was given a full-page spread in the September 25 issue of the newspaper.

Despite missing a couple of races because of hospital stays, Sloat Hodgson was still the principal figure in the activities. Sloat, 88, has been in attendance at the races since the beginning, has written a book about them, sets up the course, and writes a story for the *Falmouth Enterprise* each week. If



you missed a race, all you had to do was read Sloat's story to find out the important things that happened the previous Sunday. He has a "way with words".

At the end of the series, the Hog Island sailors gather for a "Tea" to celebrate the racing and award the trophy (only one). The trophy is a grand silver inlaid loving cup that started life in 1919 as the first prize in a squash tournament. According to Sloat in his presentation speech, "Assembling the season stand-

ings was a brain-testing job, but I think I have it right. One point separated the two lowest scores ... but Tim Fallon, in spite of his bout with the sand bar, came out the winner over John York." Neil Yetman was third, only four points behind John York.

It was another good season of racing for the Hog Islanders, with no fewer than 17 boats on the starting line, and everyone is looking forward to racing again in the fall of 2000.



## Eastport

Lynn used to work for a guy named Mike Nebbia. We visited him at his summer place in Pembroke, Maine. The next town over is Eastport, the eastern-most point of the United States. Nature is pretty wild here, the normal tide range is 20'. We went out on the St. Croix River in Mike's little aluminum outboard. These waters are incredibly deep and very cold. At a certain stage of the tide there is an honest-to-gosh whirlpool that forms at a spot in the river. It's reputed to have twirled a large fishing boat to its doom. We steered wide of it. On a larger boat, we went whale watching and saw finbacks cavorting.

This area of Maine is fairly devoid of tourists and is a fascinating place to see. We went to FDR's home on Campobello Island and stopped at West Quoddy Head Lighthouse. The workaday activities are more interesting. The local piano tuner earns most of his living as a diver. He maintains the nets for the many salmon farms in the area. Ocean-going ships dock at the Eastport town dock to load paper products from the mills nearby.

We toured a working mustard factory, its stone milling wheels powered by overhead shafts and leather belts. A local boatyard was where we met a fellow building a sailing scow, its bow was square like its freight-carrying predecessors. There was an enormous sardine fishery operating here until the fish disappeared. The old canneries along the waterfront look like Steinbeck's images of Monterey, California. One quiet old factory used to extract the sparkly pearl essence from the fish skins by a process employing benzene. The product is used in cosmetics.

A ferry runs between Eastport and Deer Island, Canada. The ferry dock at Eastport is simply a stony beach. The ferry itself is a flat barge propelled by a tugboat alongside. The tug runs the barge onto the beach and a ramp is lowered for vehicles and passengers to get on and off.

A friend of Mike took us on a tour of Big Lake aboard his pontoon boat. It should be called Big and Beautiful Lake. Mike's wife Margaret took us for a swim at Lake Meddybemps.

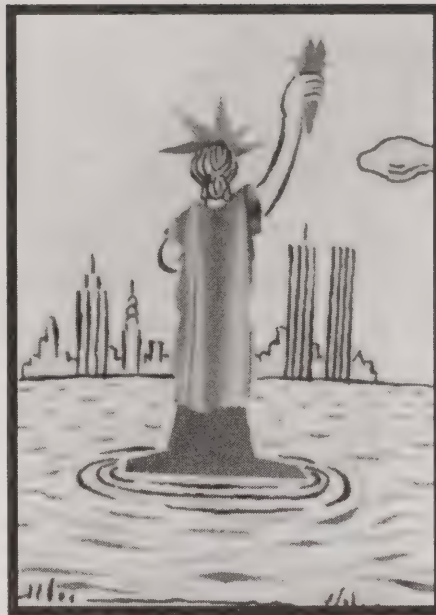
Along the way we drove around on Beals Island just off Jonesport. This is the home of the annual "Fastest Lobster Boat in the World" race.

## Piano Tuna

Cousin Frank got his wish for a boat in 1989. He bought a 24' Grady White with two 200 hp outboards, a tuna spotting tower, and every accessory known to marine merchandising. Cliff Todd vouched for him, he passed the Coast Guard test and received his captain's license. His plan was to pay for the boat by taking charter parties fishing for giant tuna. Cousin Guy was a silent partner in the operation.

Uncle Joe had taught Frank piano tuning, thus he named the boat *Piano Tuna*. He put this name on each side of the hull with vinyl stick-on letters that extended from the water line almost to the gunwales.

They took Lynn and I fishing once. We drifted near the beach at Spring Lake and Lynn was delighted to catch two fluke and a sea robin. She was amused to hear the sea robin "bark." While we fished, Frank had the radio on and we received a call. "Hey there! Y'catchin' any fish on that there *Pino Tuna*?"



## Adventures of a New Jersey Boat Nut

### Part 16

## Boating from Behind the Statue of Liberty

By Steve Turi © 1998

---

I must down to the seas again, for  
the call of the running tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may  
Not be denied.  
John Masfield

---

The vinyl letter "A" had fallen off one side. I was steering when we entered the inlet. One engine got quite rough and Frank told me not to fool around. When that engine quit he realized it had run out of gas and he had to switch it to another tank.

Frank didn't get the paying passengers that he counted on. The boat is now somewhere in South Jersey. Frank works as a blackjack dealer in an Atlantic City casino.

## Menton

In 1989 Lynn and I were very lucky to be able to visit France. We stayed at Menton, an old town on the Mediterranean. If we looked eastward we saw Italy. There's an equally old harbor with many and varied boats. Many cruisers flew English flags. The only boat I could find to rent was a little fiberglass sloop. I don't know what type it was but the emblem on the sail was a stallion similar to the Ferrari automobile logo.

We quietly sailed out of the harbor, but once we were on the gentle waves of the sea it became uncomfortably tipsy. It was easily 15' or 16' long, but I'd never been in such a tender boat. Festooned with fancy racing blocks and cleats everywhere, it was obvious that this little machine was intended for smaller and

more athletic crews than myself. We sailed to Italy and returned early.

I don't know if it qualifies as a boating experience, but I went for a ride in an airplane. It was an ultra-light...on floats. The pilot operated from a dock in the harbor. We taxied out past the breakwater and took off from the sea. I regret that I didn't take pictures of the eye-popping scenery. Instead I was trying to learn to fly the plane. We soared over the crowded beaches and wiggled the wings over enormous seaside estates. Though high over the blue water, we were still far below the peaks of the Alps. "Landing" combines the thrill of flying with the excitement of a speedboat. I was definitely grinning when I stepped ashore.

## Fire Island

Lynn introduced me to the Fire Island experience. Ironically we went to the town of Ocean Beach where they still have a NO BOATS ALLOWED policy. The ferries have a long history of running from Bay Shore across Great South Bay. The modern boats are 75' welded aluminum jobs propelled by three turbo-charged GM V-12 diesels. They scoot because the Manhattan exiles insist on it.

The Fire Island National Seashore is a barrier beach that's 32 miles long. It's bizarre that such a beautiful shore has relatively little boating activity. When we go there I see more airplanes sporting about than boats.

Our friend Joe tried to arrange for me to go fishing with him on his pal Charley Hyman's boat. Charley said that would be fine, but I would not be allowed to smoke on his boat. Thanks, but no thanks, Charley. He's a successful businessman but apparently not immune to brainwashing. Joe, Lynn, and I went out once or twice on Tom McGannon's Grady White. Tom's a gentleman and a boatman. Despite all their fancy boats and gear, these guys catch very few fish. One fellow, though, goes out in an old dinky aluminum skiff and returns with his limit consistently.

Barry Stavis is a playwright who Lynn knows from work. He has a little house at the end of a canal in Bay Shore near the ferry terminal. Behind the house he keeps a very old wooden sloop that he's had for many years. It's about 24' long and is set up as a day sailer. The centerboard is great for the shallow waters of the bay. We went out on it with him and his wife, BC. We were far out in Great South Bay when a summer thunderstorm swooped down on us. My instinct was to drop sail and get down low. Barry didn't do that. He tightened the sheets and yelled something like "Ya Ha." I was pretty impressed, especially considering that Barry was 88 years old at that time. He had sailed this boat for many years and knew it well. He said that when they were younger, he and BC often enjoyed a cruise to the Fire Island nude beach and many other spots.

## The Orient Point Ferry

After a sojourn at Ocean Beach, Lynn and I returned to Bay Shore, got in the car, and drove through Long Island's vineyard country to the tip of the north fork. We drove aboard the huge diesel ferry and enjoyed a sunny trip across the sound to New London, Connecticut. At the mouth of the Thames River is the house built on a little island by David Hayes and his son. They also collaborated to write a book titled *My Old Man and the Sea*. It's a



nice telling of their ocean-going adventures. Lynn had met David when he worked with the Theater for the Deaf at Waterford. Another sight on the Groton waterfront was a sleek black submarine high and dry in the Electric Boat Company dry dock.

We followed I-95 north from New London to Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

### Steamboats

I saw an announcement in *Wooden Boat* magazine for an event dubbed The Great Pawtucket Steamboat Muster. It was a gathering at the town dock of a dozen or more owner-built steam powered launches. One of the skipper/engineers we met was Charley Roth. He happily took Lynn and I for a most pleasant and quiet cruise on his boat. The only sound was the sewing machine-like tic-a-tic of the engine and an occasional ka-took from the feed water pump. That is until Charley had to return a salute with a blast of his steam whistle. Toooot!

The boats were all about 20' long, but each was an individual. There were several fantail launches. Many had canopies with frilly edges. A lot of the skippers and their mates wore 1890's outfits, including straw hats for the men and parasols and hoop skirts for the ladies. Many carried straw picnic baskets, too.

One fellow had a steam siren on his stack. It gave a whoop that rose in pitch, shades of WWII movie destroyer attacks. The engineering of each boat varied widely. Some burned wood, some coal. Charley fueled his with bottled propane. The boilers and engines were unique. Some had mirror polished brass while others wore workaday black grime. All but one used propellers. The exception was a side-wheeler that had a complicated linkage to set the angle of the blades as they entered the water. One odder duck was a very clean fantail launch that was electric powered.

Fiberglass was the usual hull material. A few steamers were converted from catboat hulls.

A loosely organized group of steamboaters gather three or four times a year at Lake Nockamixon in Pennsylvania. I've yet to attend, but there's a big get-together on the weekend after Labor Day at Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire.

### Rowing

Lynn and I visited some of our wonderful Danish friends in 1991. Kirsten took us to her favorite beach. There, in the shadow of Elsinore Castle, was one guy on a jet ski, loudly enjoying himself and annoying everyone. Usually quiet and reserved, Kirsten surprised all of us when she read him the riot act, in Danish.

We rode the tour boats along the Copenhagen waterfront. They look like 40' Chris Craft mahogany speedboats with bench seats and a center aisle. They need to be low to pass under the arches of the many stone bridges that are hundreds of years old. The pilot was pivoting the boat through a tight turn in the canal. I first thought he was doing it with twin engines, but then noticed only a single engine box. Aha, the boats are equipped with electric bow thrusters, ideal for the narrow waterways.

The Danes love boats and we saw nice examples of every kind. Recreational boats are more often made of wood than any other material. They are frequently finished entirely in

varnish. It seemed to me that everyone we saw on boats was wearing a much larger than usual smile. Maybe their long, dark winters encourage them to enjoy boating more, or maybe the smile of the Little Mermaid statue is infectious.

We chatted with a friend of our friend Heino and we discussed boats. He asked me if I liked rowing. He said he was a member of the local rowing club and if I liked he would arrange for me to go there and row. "Of course," I replied. The day of my rowing date arrived and I had visions of casually puttering about in pretty wooden rowboats dancing in my head.

I'd spent most of the day sightseeing on foot. I arrived at the boathouse. Its racks held really long needles, four and eight seat racing shells. Oh, now I get it. Rowing, as in Olympic racing. Hmmm. I found the boss and identified myself. He said, "OK but are you SURE you want to do this? All the commands are given in Danish, you know." I said, "yes," and he assigned me to a four-oar boat. The crew was preparing it for launching. They were half my age. The coxswain said not to worry, today will be just an easy practice, 20 kilometers up the coast and back. Hmmm again. I stuffed my camera under a watertight hatch and off we went.

The pace was slow enough at first and the oars, myself included, began to work together. The habit of using wrist motion to feather the oar blade eluded me. It took concentration to remember to do it. I had never before used a sliding seat but it was easy to include my legs in the effort. After a while the aches began. Muscles I hadn't heard from since high school started shouting at me. "How stupid can you be?" they said. Worse than that, I was thirsty, so thirsty that I dipped my hand into the salt water of the harbor and drank a handful. That was a very bad idea.

The coxswain was probably taking it extra easy for my benefit, but I was pleased with how I was doing. I only fouled my oar twice. "Unskold," I believe, is the Danish word for "excuse me." Before long we came next to a dock and went ashore some kilometers north of Copenhagen where we had started. We went into a seaside luncheonette and had a snack of toast, jelly, and tea.

On the return we came alongside some of the other boats and challenged them to informal drag races. I was happy to learn that I could actually overpower the oar and had to lay back to preserve the symmetry of our thrust.

In my thank you note to my host I mentioned the phrase, "that which doesn't kill me makes me stronger."

(To Be Continued)



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At sunset I came upon Joe Eckel's Bar, not the fluvial establishment so much resorted to by people ashore, but a genuine Mississippi sandbar or shoal, which was covered with two feet of water and afforded lodgment for a heavy raft of trees that had floated upon it. The island was partly submerged, but I found a cove with a sandy beach on its lower end; and running into the little bay, I staked the boat in one foot of water, much to the annoyance of flocks of wild-fowl which circled about me at intervals all night. The current had been turbid during the day, and to supply myself with drinking-water it was necessary to fill a can from the river and wait for the sediment to precipitate itself before it was fit for use. Fifty-six miles were logged for the day's row.

In the morning Joe Eckel's Bar was alive with geese and ducks, cackling a lusty farewell as I pushed through the drift stuff and resumed my voyage down the swelling river.

The reaches were usually five miles in length, though some of them were very much longer. Sometimes deposits of sand and vegetable matter will build up a small island adjacent to a large one, and then a dense thicket of cotton-wood brush takes possession of it, and assists materially in resisting the encroachments of the current. These little, low islands, covered with thickets, are called tow-heads, and the maps of the Engineer Corps of the United States distinguish them from the originally numbered islands in the following manner: "Island No. 18," and "Tow Head of Island No. 18."

In addition to the numbered islands, which commence with Island No. 1, below the mouth of the Ohio, and end with Island No. 125, above the inlet to Bayou La Fourche, in Louisiana, there are many which have been named after their owners. During one generation a planter may live upon a peninsula comprising many thousand acres, with his cotton-fields and houses fronting on the Mississippi. The treacherous current of this river may suddenly cut a new way across his estate inland at a distance of two miles from his home.

As the gradual change goes on, he looks from the windows of his house upon a new scene. He no longer has the rapid flowing river, enlivened by the passage of steamboats and other craft; but before him is a sombre bayou, or crescent-shaped lake, whose muddy waters are almost motionless. He was the proprietor of Needham's Point, he is now the owner of Needham's Island, and lives in the quiet atmosphere of the backwoods of Tennessee.

This day's row carried me past heavily-wooded shores, cotton-fields with some of the cotton still unpicked; past the limits of Missouri on the left side, and into the wild state of Arkansas at Island No. 21. I finally camped on Island No. 26, in a half submerged thicket, after a row of fifty-eight miles.

As there were many flat and shanty boats floating southward, I adopted a plan by means of which my dinners were frequently cooked with little trouble to myself or others. About an hour before noon I gazed about within the narrow horizon for one of those floating habitations, and rowing alongside, engaged in conversation with its occupants. The men would tell what success they had had in collecting the skins of wild animals (though silent upon the subject of pig-stealing), while the women would talk of the homes they had left, and sigh for the refinements and comforts of "city life," by which they meant their former existence in



## Four Months In a Sneak-Box

By Nathaniel H. Bishop, 1879  
(1837-1902)

### Chapter 6 (continued)

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Joe Eckel's Bar — Shanty-Boat  
Cooking — Fort Pillow — Memphis —  
A Negro Justice — "De Common Law  
of Mississippi"

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some small town on the upper river. While we were exchanging our budgets of information I would obtain the consent of the presiding goddess of the boat to stew my ambrosia upon her stove, the sneak-box floating the while alongside its tub-like companion. Many a half hour was spent in this way; and, besides the comfort of a hot dinner, there were advantages afforded for the study of characters not to be found elsewhere.

These peculiar boats, so often encountered, found refuge in the frequent cut-offs behind the many islands of the river; for besides those islands which have been numbered, new ones are forming every year. At times, when the water is very high, the current will cut a new route across the low isthmus, or neck, of a peninsula, around which sweeps a long reach of the main channel, leaving the tortuous bend which it has deserted to be gradually filled up with snags, deposits of alluvium, and finally to be carpeted with a vegetable growth.

In some cases, as the stream works away to the eastward or westward, it remains an inland crescent-shaped lake, numbers of which are to be found in the wilderness many miles from the parent stream. I have known the channel of the Mississippi to be shortened twenty miles during a freshet, and a steam-boat which had followed the great ox-bow bend in ascending the river, on its return trip shot through the new cut-off of a few hundred feet in length, upon fifteen feet of water where a fortnight before a forest had been growing.

The area of land on both sides of the Mississippi subjected to annual overflow, like the country surrounding the Nile, in Egypt, is very large. There are localities thirty or forty miles away from the river where the height of the overflow of the previous year is plainly registered upon the trunks of the trees by a coating of yellow mud, which sometimes reaches as

high as a man's head. This great region possesses vast tracts of rich land, as well as millions of acres of low swamps and bayou bottoms.

The traveller, the hunter, the zoölogist, and the botanist can all find here in these rich river bottoms a ready reward for any inconveniences experienced on the route. Strange types of half-civilized whites, game enough to satisfy the most rapacious, beast and bird of peculiar species, and over all the immense forests of cypress, sweet-gums, Spanish-oaks, tulip-trees, sycamores, cotton-woods, white-oaks, &c., while the most delicate wild-flowers "waste their sweetness on the desert air." Across all this natural beauty the whisper of desolation casts a cloud, for here during most of the year arises the health-destroying malaria.

Upon the high lands the squatter builds his log cabin, and makes his clearing where the rich soil and warm sun assist his rude agricultural labors, and he is rewarded with a large crop of maize and sweet potatoes. These, with bacon from his herd of wandering pigs, give sustenance to his family of children, who, hatless and bonnetless, roam through the woods until the sun bleaches their hair to the color of flax.

With tobacco, whiskey, and ammunition for himself, and an ample supply of snuff for his wife, he drags out an indolent existence; but he is the pioneer of American civilization, and as he migrates every few years to a more western wilderness, his lands are frequently occupied by a more intelligent and industrious class, and his improvements are improved upon. The new-comer, with greater ambition and more ample means, raises cotton instead of corn, and depends upon the Ohio valley for a supply of that cereal.

Wednesday, January 5th, was a sunny and windy day. The Arkansas shores afforded me a protection from the wind as I rowed down towards Fort Pillow, which, according to the map of the United States Engineer Corps, is situated upon Chickasaw Bluff No. 1, though some writers and map-makers designate the Columbus Bluff, below the mouth of the Ohio, as the first Chickasaw Bluff. The site of Fort Pillow is about thirty feet above the water. It commands the low country opposite, and two reaches of the river for a long distance.

A little below the fort, on the right bank of the river, was an extensive cotton-field, still white with the flossy cellulose. Here I landed under the shady trees, and gathered cotton, the result of peaceful labor. Truly had the sword been beaten into the ploughshare, and the spear into a pruning-hook, for above me frowned down Fort Pillow, the scene of the terrible negro massacre in our late war. Now the same sun shone so brightly upon the graves scattered here and there, and warmed into life the harvest sown in peace.

At intervals I caught glimpses of negro cabins, with their clearings, and their little crops of cotton glistening in the sun. The island tow-heads and sand-bars were numerous, and in places the Mississippi broadened into lake-like areas, while the yellow current, now heavily charged with mud, arose in height every hour. The climate was growing delightful. It was like a June day in the northern states.

Each soft breeze of the balmy atmosphere seemed to say, as I felt its strange, fascinating influence, "You are nearing the goal!" The shadows of the twilight found me safely en-



sconced behind the lower end of Island No. 33, where in the bayou between it and the Tennessee shore I lazily watched fair Luna softly emerging from the clouds, and lending to the grand old woods her tender light.

I proceeded southward the next day, rowing comfortably after having divested myself of all superfluous apparel. The negroes, on their one-horse plantations, gave a hearty hail as I passed, but I noted here a feature I had remarked upon my "Voyage of the Paper Canoe," on the eastern coast. It was the silence in which these people worked. The merry song of the darky was no longer heard as in the "auld lang syne." Then he was the slave of a white master. Now he is the slave of responsibilities and cares which press heavily upon his heretofore unthinking nature. To-day he has a future IF he can make it.

During the day, a lone woman on a shanty-boat, which was securely fastened to an old stump, volunteered much information in regard "her man," and the money he expected to receive for the skins he had been collecting during the winter. She said he would get in New Orleans thirty-five cents apiece for his coon-skins, one dollar for minks, and one dollar and a half each for beaver and otter skins. She informed me that the sunken country below Memphis, on the Arkansas side, was full of deer and bears.

By rowing briskly I was able to pass Memphis, the principal river port of Tennessee, at five o'clock in the afternoon. This flourishing city is situated upon one of the Chickasaw bluffs, thirty feet above the river. At the base of the bluff a bed of sandstone projects into the water, it being the only known stratum of rock along the river between Cairo and the Gulf. From the Ohio River to Vicksburg, a distance of six hundred miles, it is asserted that there is no other site for a commercial city: so Memphis, though isolated, enjoys this advantage, which has, in fact, made her the busy cotton-shipping port she is today.

Her population is about forty thousand. As Memphis is connected by railroads with the towns and villages of all the back country, in addition to her water advantages, she may be called the business centre of an immense area of cultivated land. The view of the city from the river is striking. Her esplanade, several hundred feet in width, sweeps along the bluff and is covered with large warehouses.

Pushing steadily southward, I looked out anxiously for a good camping-ground for the night, feeling that a rest had been well earned, for I had rowed sixty-one miles that day. Soon after passing Horn Lake Bend, the thickets of Crow Island attracted my attention, for along the muddy, crumbling bank the mast of a little sloop arose from the water, and a few feet inland the bright blaze of a camp-fire shone through the mists of evening. A cheery hail of; "I say, stranger, pull in, and tie up here," came from a group of three roughly-clad men, who were bending over the coals, busily engaged in frying salt pork and potatoes. The swift current forced me into an eddy close to the camp. One of the men caught my painter, and drew me close under the lee of their roughly constructed sloop of about two tons' burden. When seated by the bright fire, "the boys" told me their history.

They were out of work; so, investing sixty dollars in an old sloop, putting on board a barrel of pork, a barrel of flour, some potatoes,

coffee, salt, and molasses, (which cargo was to last three months,) they started to cut canes in the canebrakes of White River, Arkansas. These canes were to be utilized as fishing-poles, and being carefully assorted and fastened into bundles, were to be shipped to Cincinnati by steamer, and from there by rail to Cleveland, Ohio, where Mr. Farrar, their consignee, would dispose of them for the party.

They had come down the Mississippi from Keokuk, Iowa, having left that place December 13th, and had experienced various delays, having several times been frozen up in creeks. They would be able to cut, during the winter, twenty-five thousand fishing-rods, enough, one would think, to clear the streams of all the finny tribe. Mr. F. C. Stirling, of Painesville, Ohio, was the principal of the party, and I found him an unusually intelligent young man. He had passed the previous winter alone upon White River in an experimental sort of way, and had succeeded in obtaining the finest lot of fishing-rods that had ever been sent north.

There was so much to be talked about, and so many experiences in voyaging to be exchanged, that we decided to remain that night on Crow Island, as there was not much risk of my being deluged by the passing steamers, for it was evident that the steamboat channel hugged the bank of the opposite side of the river. I took ashore chocolate, canned milk, white sugar, and some of the Hickman mincepies, while the boys rolled logs of wood on to the fire, and buried potatoes in the hot ashes. Stirling went to work at bread-making, and putting his dough in one of those flat-bottomed, three-legged, iron-covered vessels, which my reader will now recognize as the bake-pan, or Dutch oven, placed it on the coals, and loaded its cover with hot embers. The potatoes were soon baked, and possessed a mealiness not usually found in those served up by the family cook. Stirling's bread was a success, and my chocolate disappeared down the throats of the hearty western boys as fast as its scalding temperature would admit.

Stirling told me of his life during the previous winter in the swamps of White River. On one occasion, a steamer having lost her anchor near his locality, the captain of the boat offered to reward Stirling liberally if he would recover the lost property; so, while the captain was making his up-river trip, the Ohio boy worked industriously dredging for the cable. He found it; and under-running the heavy rope, raised it and the anchor.

When the steamer returned to Beteley's Landing, Stirling delivered the anchor and coil of rope to the captain, who, intending to defraud the young man of the promised reward, ordered the mate to "cast off the lines." The gong had signalled the engineer to get under way, but not quick enough to escape the young salvage-owner, who grasped the coil of rope and dragged it ashore, shouting to the captain, "You may keep your anchor, but I will keep your cable as salvage, to which I am entitled for my trouble in saving your property."

A few days later, Stirling, wishing to know whether he could legally hold his salvage fees, paddled down to Bolivia, a small town in the state of Mississippi, to obtain legal advice in regard to the matter. The white people referred him to a negro justice of the peace, whom they assured him "had more law-lamin' than any white man in the diggings, and is the honestest nigger in these parts."

Being ushered into the presence of a dignified negro, the cutter of fishing-poles informed the "justice" that he desired legal advice in a case of salvage.

"Dat's rite, dat's berry good, sah," said the negro; "now you jes' set rite down he'ar, and macadimize de case to me. I gibs ebry man justice—no turnin' to de rite or de leff hand."

Stirling stated the facts, the colored justice puckering up his shiny brow, and his whole countenance expressing perplexity. "I want to know," said the possessor of the cable, "whether I can legally hold on to the coil of rope; use it or sell it for my own benefit, without being sued by the captain, who broke his agreement with me."

The colored man attempted to consult a volume containing a digest of laws; but being an indifferent reader, he handed it to Stirling, saying, "Now you, sah, jes look froo de book and find de lamin' on de case." Having carefully consulted the book, Stirling declared he found nothing that covered the salvage question in regard to cables and anchors. "Nuffin at all? nuffin at all?" asked the justice, seriously.

"Now let me rest de case a moment fur perspection." As he pondered on a case which could not be decided by precedent, an idea seemed to lighten his sable features, for he straightened himself up and exclaimed, "Den I will gib you an opinion. Dis court will apply de common law ob de state ob Mississippi; and dis is it: 'What you hab, dat you keep!' DIS is de teachings ob de bar, de bench, and de code."

Having received this august opinion, Stirling paddled back in his dug-out canoe to the swamps of Arkansas, much amused, if not impressed, with the negro's simple method of successfully disposing of a case, so unlike the usual procrastinating customs which fetter the courts presided over by learned white men.

Early on the following day I left the camp of the Ohio boys, for their progress was assisted by a large sail, and it would have been impossible for me to have kept up with them. They also travelled by night as well as by day, keeping one man at the helm while the others slept. At the lower end of Crow Island I left the state of Tennessee and entered the confines of Mississippi, having Arkansas still on my right hand.

During part of the afternoon I accompanied a flatboat-man and his family as far as Island No. 60, where we ran into a little bayou for the night. There was a rowdy settlement here, and many rough fellows were in the streets, shouting and fighting; but as I entered the bayou after dark, and secreted myself in the half submerged swamp, no one knew of my being there: so I felt safe from insult. The owner of the flatboat with whom I had entered the bayou intended to fish for the settlement. He was an old trapper, and informed me that bears were still abundant in parts of Alabama.

He said the Canada Goose bred in small numbers in the lakes of the back country. His experiences with human nature found expression in his advice to me when I parted from him the next morning. "Don't leave your boat alone for half an hour in these parts, stranger. Niggers is bad, and some white folks too." Promising my new friend to look out for number one, I waved an adieu to him and his, and went on my solitary way.

(To Be Continued)



My first effort at building a boat was a Bolger/Payson Teal, a 12' double ended plywood sailing/rowing craft. My choice was based on several factors; it weighed about 95lbs empty, and it had a 42" beam, allowing it to fit into my Ford Escort wagon with the bow snugly between the two front seats yet not hitting the dashboard. A line from the stern of the boat to the top of the wagon's rear hatch (opened) secures the boat from sliding out backwards. Thus I could avoid cartopping with its need for two to successfully load the boat. As this was a case of novice boatbuilding, the use of inexpensive materials and simple tools, along with the excellent plans and instructions, were most important to this novice builder.

The start of building was the cutting out of the parts from two 4'x8' sheets of 3/8" marine ply using a saber saw. If carefully done, almost no scrap ensues, a tribute to the designers. Next I proceeded to assemble the two sides, each comprising three pieces, using butt straps, glue and copper nails. As I had trouble finding copper nails, I made the equivalent out of solid #10 copper wire, bending over both ends. Great care was needed in squaring the ends of the plywood pieces, aligning the edges and butting the ends tightly so the sides would be straight and true.

In assembling the sides I was so intent on getting everything just right that I failed to notice that I had made two port sides (the different rake angles of the bow and stern preclude interchangeability). The problem was solved by recutting the rake angle at one end on each side and reversing one side so that these rake angles matched with the butt straps still all on the inside. This resulted in the boat ending up 2" short without affecting any other dimensions.

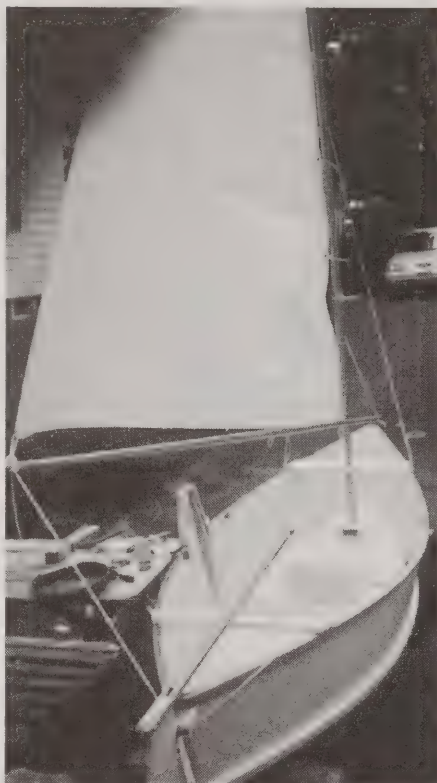
The bottom consisted of three pieces of 3/8" plywood with butt straps joining them together similar to the sides. Chine logs, gunwales and keel were all fabricated from standard lumberyard 2"x4" spruce (taking care to select the best pieces with the fewest knots) and sawn to 1/2"x1-1/2" pieces. Keel and chine logs used two thicknesses and the gunwales used one. All were fastened with bronze ring nails and glue.

The leeboard and rudder were made out of 1/2" marine plywood (alternatively one could laminate two 1/4" pieces of ordinary fir plywood to save buying a whole sheet of expensive marine ply). Two sets of oarlocks and a moveable seat allow for rowing by either one or two persons.

The finishing of the boat was quite

## Opus #1 Boat Building

By Don Cleveland



straightforward except for the hull primer. To fill the grain of fir plywood there used to be a material known as Firzite, which is no longer available. Instead I used three coats of Rez wood stabilizer, made by Pittsburgh Paints, which is supposed to do the same thing. I'll know in a couple of years. Final finish of the hull was done with three coats of ordinary exterior latex gloss which was custom colored to my choice of yellow (for easy visibility against collision or for rescue) at \$6.50/quart. When a boat is not left on a mooring exposed to the weather, but stored under cover, it makes no sense to pay exorbitant prices for "marine" paint. The spars were finished with ordinary polyurethane varnish.

The mast presented me with some difficulty. The plans called for a 15'8" long Douglas fir piece which would be tapered from 1-

3/8" square at the bottom to 3/4" square at the top. Finding such a piece without breaking my bank was next to impossible, and the alternative of gluing up three pieces and then tapering the four sides looked formidable to me, although it would be somewhat less expensive. I elected to make a temporary mast out of a 16"x1-5/8" diameter clothespole, tapering the top 6' and using stays (the tapered mast of the design was to stay and bend to dump excess wind). This arrangement worked fine in light airs but would not suffice for most conditions.

A friend has allowed me to cut down a hemlock sapling which has an almost ideal diameter/length/taper combination from which to make a permanent mast. The sprit was fashioned from a 1-5/8" diameter fir clothespole with each end tapered.

The rigging is quite simple where only one marconi sail is involved. The luff of the sail is planned to be lashed to the mast and no halyard is called for. However, I get nervous knowing that I cannot douse the sail in case of a sudden gust, so I rigged a pseudo halyard by roving a line from the deck up to and through a hole in the mast peak and thence back down to the deck, which allows me to pull down the peak of the sail quickly.

I secured the luff of the sail to the mast using nylon cable tie wraps which can be set to any degree of tightness or looseness and thus allow the sail to be easily hauled down. I rigged up a novel sheet arrangement whereby the sheet is led through a fairlead fastened to the top of the rudder and thence along the tiller to its inboard end where it can be grasped with the tiller by one hand, handy when sailing single handed. The fairlead is located almost exactly in line with the axis of the rudder's gudgeons and pintles so that rudder and sheet actions are essentially independent.

Launching is facilitated by the use of a two-wheeled dolly which has a slot on its top that fits snugly onto the boat's keel, so the boat can be easily walked to the water.

Summing up my experiences building and sailing the Teal, I would say that the plans and instructions are excellent, but the rowing and dailing have not yet been tested enough. Given the choice, I would have preferred a sprit rig with a lower center of effort and easier stowing when rowing. Also pivoting leeboards and rudder would obviate the need to install these items from within the boat while underway.

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# 5th Grade School Teacher Discovers a Secret Weapon

By Platt Monfort



At the Spring Mills Elementary School in Highland, Michigan there is a dedicated teacher, Phil Schmidlin, who spearheaded a special project wherein he has had his 5th grade students build real canoes in the classroom for the last four years.

It has proven to be an exceptional program for his students working together in teams with schedules and goals. Participation by every student enabled them to read plans and feel motivated. They found an opportunity to apply their knowledge and basic academic skills, math/measurement, reading and problem solving that they have developed during their first five years in school.

The success of the project was easy to recognize as he watched students self-confidence and self-esteem grow. Many of the students became more organized and self-directed in their approach to learning. The carryover is evident when students begin to improve in other academic areas. Relationships among students in the class became more positive and trusting. Members of class recognize that each person has individual talents that are unique to that person and situation. Productivity within the class is up behavior and disruptions are down! School is fun and individuals old and young alike learn when they are able to apply their skills in a supportable setting.

Students use hand tools & plans for the canoes I designed. Schmidlin stumbled on to my website, WWW.geodesic airolite boats.com and ordered not one but two different designs (Sweet Pea and Explorer 14). The boats were built in the classroom without much disruption to the other activities in the room. Phil milled the wood parts at home on his table saw, so the class performed the actual assembly of the boats.

The construction technique is fun and simple utilizing basic skills and ordinary hand tools. Materials are inexpensive and there is no need for elaborate forms, lofting, spiling, planking, sanding and fairing epoxy, etc. as-



sociated with other boat building methods. A Geodesic Airolite boat consists of a simple, lightweight wooden framework, braced with triangulated Kevlar roving strands. This tough basket-like frame is then covered with Dacron fabric. This material is similar to sailcloth, except that it is heat shrunk and provides a beautiful smooth hull surface with no darts folds or puckers.

Some students gave up recess to work on the canoe, coming to school early and staying late to get in extra hours. The project has been so successful some children think that it is more fun than recess! This is the 4th year that Schmidlin has conducted his successful courses, building two boats per year. The school principal, Pat Parrish, endorses the project and says "Building canoes is a really nice opportunity for the kids."

The Huron Valley Education foundation grant funded the canoe project. Grants are awarded to projects like Schmidlin's every June. This facilitated the added incentive of possible ownership. Going into the project, the students know that in June, when the boats are completed and the Dacron is sealed with class-approved colors, Mr. Schmidlin draws names out of a hat for two pupils, who will take home canoes.

## Top left:

Phil Schmidlin first built this Explorer 14 to gain experience with the Geodesic Airolite system.

## Above:

Phil's students then built this Explorer 14 in the second semester.

The Sweet Pea project of the 5th grade class of '97. This is one of two boats that they built.



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## Sportdory

Sportdory is an attempt to improve upon a dory I built about 15 years ago. This one is slightly smaller than the usual, at 15' length and 4' beam and about 70lbs empty. I tried to reduce the big sweeping sheer of the traditional dory in hopes of reducing windage and making the boat easier to cartop, recalling lashing my old one inverted to the cartop and having its bow and stern droop way down over hood



and trunk. But I kept the little tombstone transom, having found it very important in stabilizing an inverted hull as I lifted the bow to the cartop rack.

Sportdory's structure is extremely spare. There are no frames or bulkheads of any sort, just wide open inside from stem to stern. Seating is done on a ditty box/seat which can be located anywhere. I've found this to work very



## AF2

The AF2 is the ancestor of both the AF3 sailboat and the AF4 powerboat that have appeared in previous "More New Boats" articles. They all have simple sharpie construction with cuddy cabins. The prototype AF2 was built by Richard Spelling of Sand Springs, Oklahoma

AF2 is 20' long by 5.5' beam and maybe 600lbs empty. That makes her 5' longer and 6" wider and about twice the empty weight of the AF3. The result is a boat that is a bit more of a cruiser than a daysailer, with more headroom in the cabin. I should mention that you can't keep adding headroom to a cuddy cabin

## More New Boats

By Jim Michalak

Here are two more new designs that have made it through the prototype stage into my one dollar brochure which now has over 20 designs. These two have traditional character but use modern jigless plywood construction.

well, the trick to keeping the boat stiff being a rigid wale structure around the open perimeter. There are two cross braces, similar to what you might see on a canoe, to hold the shape. The aft brace is also very important as a backrest for the passenger. Below that is all taped seam 1/4" plywood, three sheets required.

These boats are built without ladder

without getting badly bit after a while. Every time you raise the cabin roof you need to raise the cockpit seats so the skipper can see ahead. Most of us can see over a 3' high cabin if we sit just above the floor. So if you can sit up in your cabin, as you can with AF2, you can steer from the cockpit sitting on a low seat. If you raise the roof to say 4' cabin depth, the skipper will need to sit at least 1' above the cockpit floor.

On a small boat the crew's weight is so significant to the total that elevating the crew weight can require adding ballast down low to compensate. Total boat weight suddenly goes up. Adding much more cabin depth to AF2 will probably increase the 600lbs empty weight to 800lbs or 1000lbs in a quantum jump. And you'd get a totally different boat.

As it is, AF2 has no ballast other than a thick bottom. First hand experience backs up paper studies that show a boat like this will reach a maximum righting moment with little heel, say 15 or 20 degrees. That's often when the windward chine is just out of the water and the boat presents something of a V bottom to the waves just as the hull reaches its maximum sail carrying ability. Beyond that and it can carry less and less sail force until maybe 50 degrees of heel when it will capsize.

AF2 hasn't been capsized but the smaller AF3 has been capsized once in a test and another time at anchor (with a crewman climbing the mast). AF3 lies high on its side and AF2 should do the same having the same watertight cabin and large buoyancy/storage box in the stern. AF3 pops upright quickly with the weight of the skipper on the leeboard. I hope AF2 will do the same but eventually a boat can get so large that the weight of the

frames or elaborate jigs. The sides and bottom are cut to prefab shapes and wrapped around some temporary forms. The seams are locked with temporary twisted wire loops and the rigid wale structure is added. At that point the hull has assumed its final shape and the forms can be discarded and the seams taped with fiberglass set in epoxy. If the temporary forms are removed prior to completion of the wale structure the hull will take on a different shape, most likely the ends will droop. So keeping those temporary forms in until then is important.

The center cross section of Sportdory and her bottom are about the same as my old dory. These boats are famous for being seaworthy but they take some getting used to. You can't stand up in one safely because the waterline beam is merely 2' wide and that no doubt is what gives the good speed. John Bell of Kennesaw, Georgia, who built the prototype shown in the photo, reported averaging 4.3mph over a 1.3 mile stretch with medium effort. I think that is pretty typical. In good weather and with a bit of training you can average 4mph for several hours. The top beam at the oar locks flares to a full 4'. As a result these are very hard to tip over if you stay seated. They will roll deeply and frighten you and snap back upright. I never had water come on board my old one.

Sportdory will have good flow lines as long as the total weight is below 400lbs. The hull with its gear will weigh about 100lbs.

Sportdory plans are \$20.

skipper alone isn't enough to right the boat. I'm pretty sure boats like the Lightening and Flying Scott which are about the size of the AF2 will not be righted that way. AF2, with its higher buoyant cabin might make it up. And once a boat is righted you may not be able to climb back on board without a step or ladder or rope to help.

AF2's rig is a 114sf gaff. I used the gaff to keep the mast short and easy to step. There are more lines to rig than with the traditional sharpie sprit but this sail sits well in lazyjacks and reefs nicely. In the photo Richard is testing a polytarp sail which has 3D shaping provided by a radial dart at the tack and another at the throat. We think he overdid the dart at the throat and he has reshaped it. This sail is held together with glass reinforced carpet tape but everyone who has tried taping polytarp says it is temporary, eventually you will have to sew it together. And I'm wondering out loud if a boat like AF2 is too heavy for a successful simple polytarp sail. I'm sure they work well for boats up to a total weight of maybe 500lbs. The loaded AF2 is probably twice that. Richard has his eye on a sail of real sailcloth but promises to test the polytarp sail to destruction.

If you look at the photo you might make out the top of the pivoting leeboard on the hull side. There is only one leeboard, braced to take loads in either direction (so it's not really a "lee" board). It stays down from tack to tack and you handle it as if it were a centerboard, in fact it really is just a centerboard mounted outside the hull. Using a leeboard like this leaves all the room in the boat to the crew.

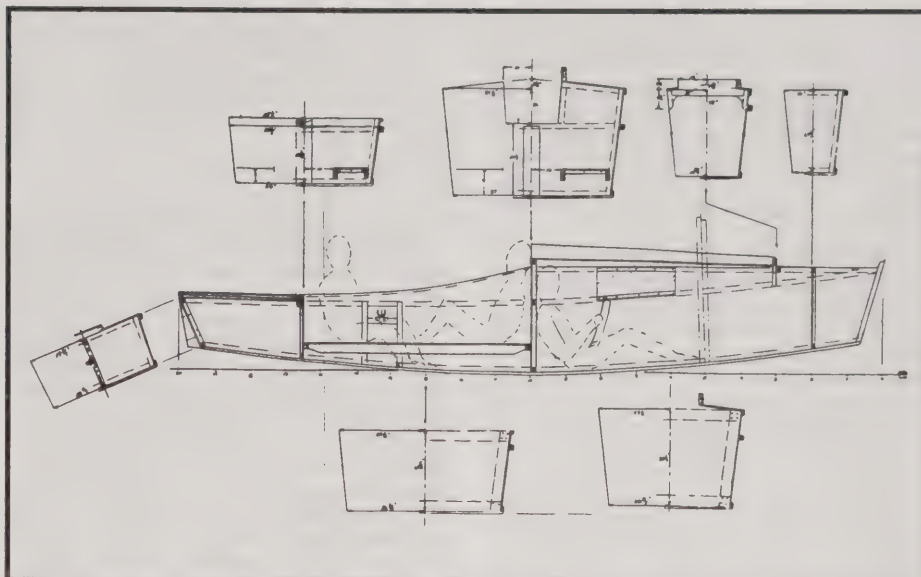
You might also make out another roomy feature in that the cabin top has a slotted walkway down its entire center, an idea adapted



from the Bolger Birdwatcher. The mast is mounted to one side of the slot and is not on centerline. So the crew can walk down that slotted top, right past the mast and up to the bow without going on deck or climbing over or under anything. He can stand beside the mast secure in the cabin while hoisting the sail. And yet the cabin roof side decks are wide enough to prevent swamping in a capsize (so I hope, it is true of the AF3). So the slot top is a very nice invention. I think its only downside comes when closing the top for camping. Anyone who has had a slot top boat prefers a simple snap-on tarp to keep the rain out but that doesn't marry well with having the mast poke out through the tarp. I think it can be done with sufficient drip coamings and a Velcro closure at the mast.

AF2 uses simple nail and glue construction. The plywood hull looks like six sheets of 1/4", seven sheets of 3/8", and one sheet of 1/2". Plans for AF2 are \$35.

Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254, [www.apci.net/~michalak](http://www.apci.net/~michalak)



## The Skiff Mayo

By Joseph W. Spalding

In 1994, the *Samuel Clyde* went off to the *WoodenBoat* Show in Southwest Harbor, Maine. I had been assured by my operative in Maine that I would be able to borrow a skiff or dinghy suitable for going ashore at Baker's Island or rowing around Northeast Harbor to look at boats. However, when we got there, we were not able to borrow or rent a suitable skiff.

My friend Mayo was so bummed out that he groused about no dinghy for all 10 days of the trip. I vowed to build a 2nd 10-1/2' skiff from Dynamite Payson's *Instant Boat Book*. I messed up the first boat on the length of the top of the seat bulkhead so that the boat came out with more flare and more rocker than designed. However, it worked out fine and I left it in Stonington, CT for my son to use.

The new 10-1/2' skiff was built in a few weeks and I painted it a nice blue with beige interior. It was named *Mayo* and had a nice set of 7' Nova Scotia spruce oars which were secured at the *WoodenBoat* Show in Mystic.

I find that the oak wear strips on the bottom are super and they take all the grief from hauling the boat up on the beach or onto a dock. The boat rows well with the 7' oars. It has a bit of trouble tracking, but if you pay attention, it is just fine. I have rowed it to the band concert about a mile away in 1/2 hour with no discomfort. It also tows up to 12mph behind the *Samuel Clyde* with good grace.

It has a few other virtues that are not too apparent and have not been given praise by either Phil Bolger or Dynamite Payson. First, is the lack of skeg. Most dinghies have some type of skeg to make them track well and I guess the eye sort of expects a skeg. Well, when launching with no skeg, the boat pushes back into the water with no hang-up on skids, rollers, or stones. I do not understand why the skegs are always placed plumb at the back. If they were sloped at about 30 degree slope, they would not hang up and would still give good tracking. Comments please.

The other feature is evident when you get it up on a dock or float. You can turn it up on its side and it will stay there so that you can



Friend Mayo in the *Mayo*.

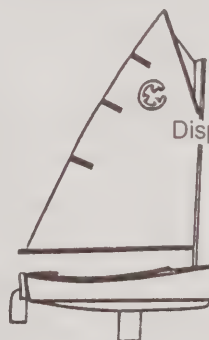
walk around to the other side to lay it down, bottom up, or you can wash it out with a hose or sponge as chines and rails are external. You can also walk it around on its side and get it right where you want it when you lay it down. These are very important considerations when you are past the brute force stage of life and must use some ingenuity when "messing about in boats".

When the oak rub strips are wet, the boat comes up on the dock with great ease. A large person (250lbs. plus) can stand at the side and the boat doesn't take on water. With its double 1/4" plywood bottom, the *Mayo* will last a long time. Any area where the plywood starts to show signs of abuse can be given an epoxy and glass armor.

I encourage anyone to build one of these wonderful skiffs. They are no work of art, but a wonderful and functional skiff, sort of like the VW Beetle of the 60s.

## The Picnic Cat

by Com-Pac Yachts



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32" board down  
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It was in the beginning of the seventies that I had decided that the trimaran was the cruising boat for me. I do not understand why I never went ahead and did it. I did build two single outriggers (the second one was more of a reconstruction job), nay, I actually built three. I really wonder how many small craft I actually did build and forgotten about! Heavens! What a life!

When trimarans were still new and unproven some designer produced plans for an 18' tri. Someone promptly built it, loaded his wife and three children aboard, and sailed to Europe. The designer was totally flabbergasted and immediately set about redesigning one a little larger, a 21 footer, designed with that purpose, taking it offshore, in mind. Little did he foresee that in the late seventies, brokers in southern California would start the myth that you could not take anything out to sea of less than sixty feet. That the commission on a sixty footer is of course considerably more, never entered their minds. Or did it?

An acquaintance of mine, a young man, once took me out on his 21' Clipper Marine, the same boat I had taken down coast to Mexico, and all around the many channel islands on that coast. The designer, an Englishman (they take everything out to sea), a professional boat designer (at the moment his name escapes me) had taken care to design something seaworthy enough to allow for the lack of experience that many of the then new crowd of "yachties" would have.

I went through a rather fierce storm off the coast of Mexico, with my wife and three small children aboard. We were totally comfortable. That same storm sank a ketch with two experienced crew. Also a motor boat, a former navy boat, with some well-known people on board. I carried a reefed main, which I had pulled down practically to the deck, which was possible on this craft, and no staysail (jib). The children were playing ball

## Dreamboats Small Boats at Sea

By Richard Carsen

in the forward end (the double bed) and we made so much Campbell's Chicken Noodle soup in my double gimballed one-pitter, that we playfully considered renaming the boat *The Campbell Chicken Noodle!*

Well, anyway, when I got aboard of my acquaintance's Clipper, I noticed an abundance of electronic gear; not just the usual ship-to-shore thing without which modern people don't seem to be able to live, but every other electronic device known to man, like a depthfinder (okay, that can be handy, but in a 21 footer which draws about a foot of water with its board up?), radar, and state-of-the-art navigational equipment the maritime college I went to hadn't even heard of in my time. Was he planning a trip to Hawaii, maybe? To my surprise I was told that you do not take a 21 footer out to sea. Not only that, he told me that he had never had this totally capable boat outside the breakwaters.

The harbor of Newport Beach is a large harbor, possibly the largest yacht harbor in the world. But nowhere are you out of sight of very nearby land. You would certainly call this protected waters, even if there are a great many motorboats about. I was speechless, I was outraged, I didn't make any remark, but someone, who had sold this man this boat had certainly taken him to the cleaners for, what must have been even at the prices then, thousands of dollars. I did tell him that it was totally safe to take the boat to sea; that I myself owned such a craft, etc.etc. I hope he took it to heart and did get some real enjoyment out of the money he had spent, unnecessarily, in

my opinion.

This is why I admire Manry, the man who sailed the 13' *Tinkerbelle* from Falmouth, Massachusetts to Falmouth, Cornwall, England. Before he went he had done extensive research of the sea, the Atlantic, boats, shipwrecks, meteorology and navigation. He didn't need a salesman's opinion.

Which reminds me; a yachtbroker of my acquaintance had sold this sizeable yacht to a client. As, some time later, he is walking down along a marina, he sees his client and boat all ready to take off. He walks over and learns to his surprise that his client is at the point of taking off to Hawaii. Would the broker do him a favor and point into the direction of Hawaii. Although he had food and water aboard, he had not thought that any knowledge or equipment concerning navigation was necessary. This man is taking his wife and children with him. The broker, almost in shock, manages to teach him in the next hour or so, the rudiments of navigation, and some basic tools. The man did make it to Hawaii.

According to the lighthouse attendant at Honolulu, with whom I once had a delightful talk, the people and craft that do seem to make it to the port of Honolulu includes the totally bizarre. He claimed that one man actually made it in a bathtub, yes, you read me right, a bath tub.

You may get the impression that I take boat design and going to sea rather lightly. I do; but this seeming nonchalance is soundly based on lifelong experience. Again, the best laid plans may founder. There are, at least at sea, circumstances which can be beyond your control and outside anyone's experience. I think, specific facets of the infamous Fastnet race is such an occurrence. However, a freak accident, a pile-up on the freeway, may take your life. Prepare for the foreseeable; may you assemble the experience and skill to help you survive the unforeseeable.

## My New "Rob Roy" Decked Canoe

By Robert W. Sparks

New from my Swamp Yankee Boats is this "Rob Roy" type double paddle, decked canoe, 11' long, 26" wide and about 35lbs, with a large cockpit and adjustable foot braces, low and sleek. I call it Swamp Yankee II.

I will not have plans or a kit at this time, the building of the "Rob Roy" type is more involved than that of the open "Wee Lassie" type.

The interest is overwhelming for me, right now in March I am looking at working until mid-July to fill the present demand for my new boat.

The new "Rob Roy" model will be on display at the *WoodenBoat Show* at Mystic Seaport on June 23rd, 24th, & 25th, and at the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum Small boat show on July 8th & 9th. Come see it and try it out or call me.

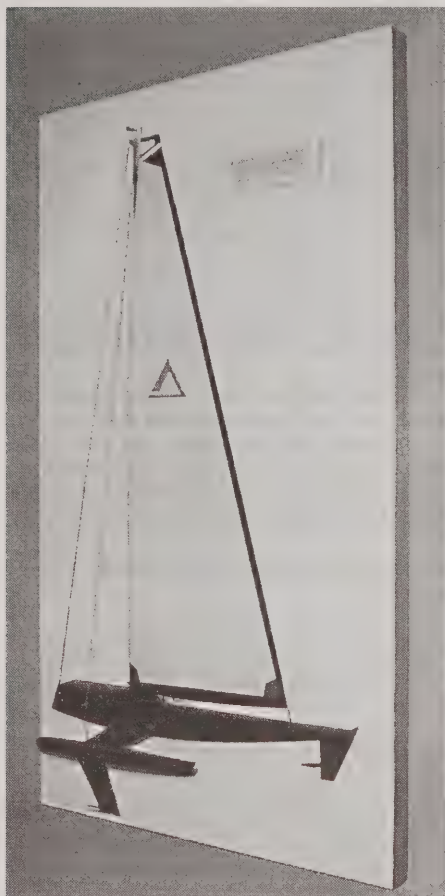
Robert W. Sparks, Swamp Yankee Boats, 36 Soundview Hgts., Branford, CT 06405-5216, (203) 488-5932





# Il Pipistrello Fuori di Inferno

By Irwin Schuster



In 1977, a cartel was formed in Naples to develop an all-out sail-powered racing one-design, in order to bring spectator excitement to the sport. The class was called Delta, and the design chosen was a cat hydrofoil, proposed by a young naval architect named Perpetratore del Beffa.

The forerunner of his design was a pure hydrofoil sailboat designed by F.G. Baker in

the U.S., which around 1965 held the speed record for wind-powered vessels, reaching 30 knots. The prototype and testing of the Baker design was funded and performed by the U.S. Navy. The boat lifted and stabilized on ladder-like foils at a wind speed of 13 knots\*.

Two Delta class boats were built as prototype trial horses, and were completed and launched in the spring of 1979, at the yard of Panfilo Fantasia, S.A.S. The boats were christened *Il Sogno Bagnato e Veloce*, painted white, and *Il Pipistrello Fuori di Inferno*, painted overall black, so they could be easily distinguished under sail. The construction was fundamentally a welded aluminum aircraft structure to distribute driving forces, with flexed flat fiberglass outer hull panels, used to avoid mold costs. Hull length was 11.43m (37.5'); beam over the amas 8.85m (29'); sail area 62.2sm (669.5 sf).

Because these were racing machines, with poor maneuverability at slow speeds, a Jet-Ski type drive was incorporated in an isolated compartment as an auxiliary. The "wings" which support the load-carrying hydrofoils have an inverted airfoil to discourage the foils from rising clear of the water, and the hydrofoils themselves have leveling trim tabs.

As in modern ice boats, no provision was made for reducing sail. The single sail was configured to provide a lifting moment, as a jib or lateen rig does, reducing overturning forces. The foils themselves generate balancing forces; lee foil providing additional righting lift, and the windward contributing the primary lateral resistance.

This new Delta Class sought to overcome the low speed stabilization problem in the shallow, unballasted hull with a trimaran configuration. Elevation and control of the bow at speed was maintained by a manual system of articulated "elevators" mounted on the bow fin/rudder. It was intended to later incorporate a wave sensor to accomplish this automatically.

In their shakedown trials with Spanish crews, they were said to have been tracked by radar at nearly 58 knots, in a breeze of about 32 knots. Unfortunately, the crews involved themselves in a heated sprint out of the Bay of Biscay, and failed to pay attention to their whereabouts. Tragically, both sailed off the edge of the world, and the cartel was disbanded shortly thereafter.

\* Bernard Smith: *The 40-Knot Sailboat*, Grosset & Dunlap Inc.; 1963, LC 63-18980.

## The Debil Made Me Do It

(Except for Mr. Baker's ladder hydrofoil, the above story and the model are pure fantasy, creative history and naval architecture fun. Da Debil made me do it.

The model is 1/48, carved of poplar, with bass wings and amas. It is primed and painted with Krylon(R). The sail was generated on a Macintosh(R) and printed on tracing vellum on a photocopier, then coated with Bartley(R) Gel Varnish and mounted on an acrylic sheet.

As a matter of interest (to me, at least) Philip C. Bolger has designed, built and sailed canard vessels with bow rudders, as well as sail rigs similar to this one, which he calls a staysail cat. He references experiments with this style rig by N. Montgomery, Sherman Hoyt and Starling Burgess, in his book *Boats With An Open Mind*, International Marine, Division of McGraw-Hill, Inc., 1994.

Much stranger rigs such as rudderless hydrofoil proas and great-winged, foil-stabilized trimarans with 4' chord masts and inflatable airfoil sails have been in development for many years, the last making 20 knots in 15 knots of wind in 1984, despite poor sail performance and excess crew weight, as described in *Sail* magazine, January, 1985. In 1988, *Adrenalin*, a US Formula 40 trimaran made over 30 knots, twice wind speed (*WoodenBoat* #150, 1999). A friend claims to have seen such bizarre vessels with his own eyes, but, ya know, it's hard to know who to believe, anymore.

Irwin Schuster, FNA (fantasy naval architect) and model builder, 27 Chatham Way, Lynnfield, MA 01940)

## Glossary

perpetratore - perpetrator  
beffa - joke, hoax  
panfilo - yacht  
fantasia - fantasy  
pipistrello - bat  
inferno - hell  
sogno - dream  
bagnato - wet  
veloce - fast

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## Bolger on Design

### Concept Study For A Small Auxiliary Cruising Boat 20'0" x 9'0" x 4'6"

We cherish memories of a long-ago season of cruising a boat with a keel like this one, and with a fixed mast about the 38' height of this one. She was fast and powerful to carry her big and tall rig, and her handling was thoroughbred. She was good in rough water but we had to be careful as she was low-sided and had a big open cockpit which once shipped a scary amount of water in a squall. Her accommodations were two narrow settees in a 3'6" high cuddy, with a bucket, a flashlight,

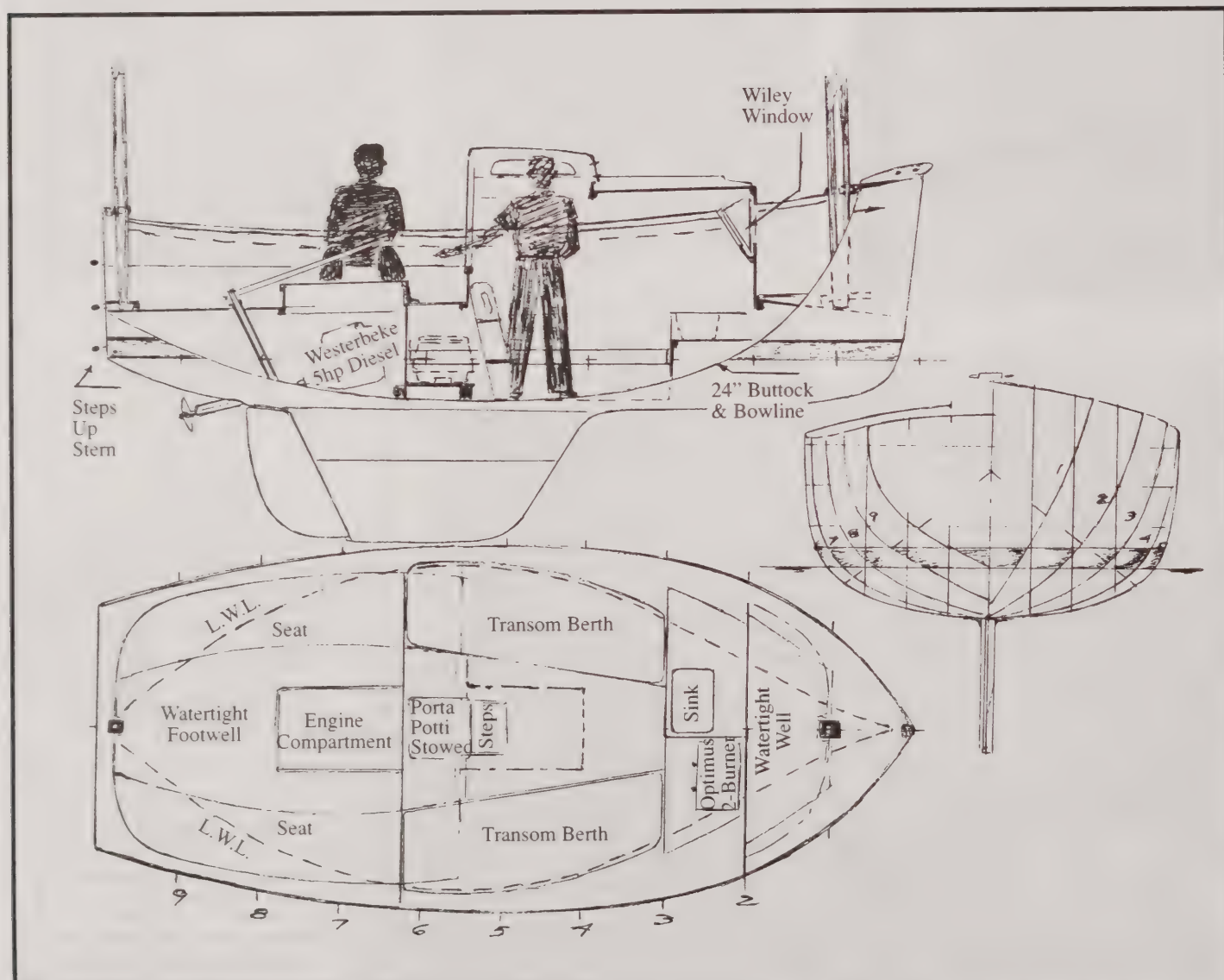
and some Sterno cans. She had no engine but would keep going with the least breath of wind.

That would have been fifty-odd years ago, but that was the way cruising was done for a hundred years before that. Now is much better than then, but good times could be had in the bad old days.

Still quite a long time ago, we made this study for a man with a similar experience in mind. He wanted the sensation the old boat produced, but with a comfortable cabin and

go-anywhere ability (meaning offshore; it's highly ironical that this phrase is used in describing boats so deep-draft that they're denied nine-tenths of the world's best cruising waters).

Both wishes meant more freeboard, and at the time it was just beginning to be grasped by designers that high sides did not hurt a boat's performance much. The looks of high-sided boats were hard for many people to take, and designers did all they could to





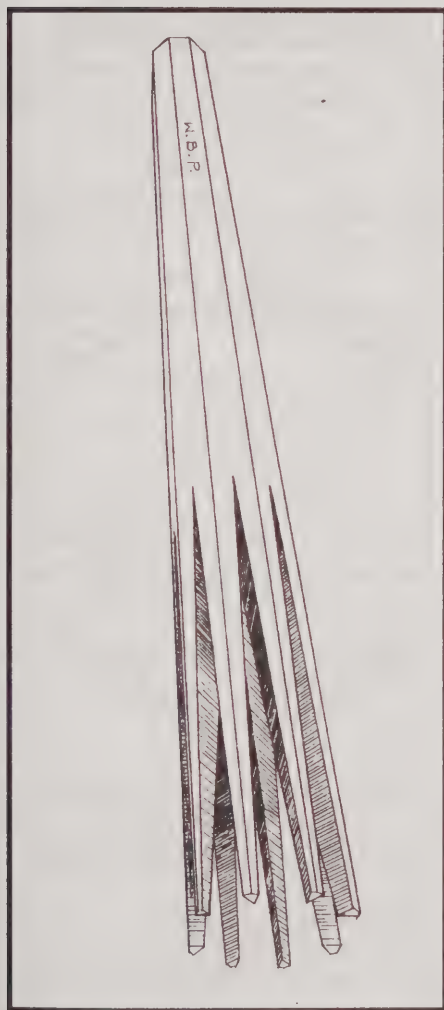
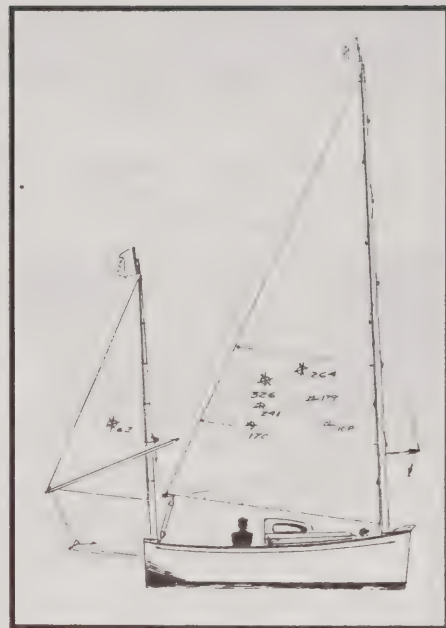
minimize the effect. They tried reverse sheers, high in the middle but with the ends brought down to "normal" height. Convoluted raised decks and high trunks and doghouses were common. A big element in the problem was that in that era cruising boats were expected to have overhanging bows and sterns, which grew to unseemly size when they were carried out to a much higher sheer line.

This concept was one of several we did (some of which went on to become completed designs and successful boats) which rejected all the aesthetic defensiveness and simply made the boat high. Take it or leave it. With plumb bows and sterns they looked perfectly shipshape even to conservative eyes.

This 20-footer would have been weatherly, fast and able, and comfortable beyond our dreams in the old boat. We would

have had a good time in her, and gone further and faster, and with less risk, on account of the engine. But along with the pleasant memories we remember how tense we were in our piloting, the uncomfortable and dangerous anchorages we had to settle for, and the interesting places we could not go near, all on account of her deep draft, and the time we almost got swept against a closed bridge and the time we had to climb the mast to clear a jammed sheave, on account of her tall, fixed, rig.

The keel and the rig did produce an increment of performance (but if it's performance you want, a multihull will give it dramatically better), but a shallow hull can sail in exhilarating fashion as well, and her "go-anywhere" options are so much wider that there's no comparison.



## A Plug For The Noble Spar

By Bill Perkins

Congratulations to our Editor for his scoops on the topic of the Noble Spar! I read it here first (February 15, '94). All the articles written caused me to review the info I had relating to spars as I thought about making a Noble Spar myself. The main point I came away with is the desirability of solid blocking below the partners in hollow, freestanding masts.

It's true that one can increase the diameter of a hollow spar relative to a proven solid one and produce a mast with the same strength in bending, but free standing masts are also subject to significant shear loads. These are at their maximum, and constant, from the partners down to the foot of the mast, and are inversely proportional to the mast's bury.

Solid masts typically have shear capacity to spare, but thin walled hollow masts with shallow burys (as in catboats and masts stepped thru thwarts) can fail in shear at a much lower load than the original solid spar would fail in bending. The thinner the shell and the shallower the bury, the greater the decrease in breaking strength. To prevent this all that's required is to extend the mast's end plug up past the partners. If no interior taper is put in this area, and the stave interiors are prepped with glue, an undersized octagonal plug could be slid in place as soon as clamping was complete. Maybe it will be found more convenient to place the plug during assembly. In any case, taper could still be worked into the exterior of

the mast below the partners and the small extra weight of the plug at the bottom of the mast would have no practical effect on the boat or a person stepping the mast.

I think the longer plug is worth fooling with because a mast failure below the partners could damage the boat and endanger the crew. Also it doesn't seem sensible to tolerate the strength reduction when it's so easy to prevent. A determined (or reckless) crew can press the unstayed masts of many small boats to the breaking point before capsize. I've broken one 2-1/4" solid spar myself, which is how I got interested in this subject. One of the heavyweights in my library (Bud McIntosh in his *How To Build A Wooden Boat*) mandates not only running the plug from the foot up thru the partners, but on past the halliard cleats (for strong, simple fastening) and the boom (where there are localized stresses and sometimes more fastenings). I'm going to follow his advice.

In Robert Steward's *Boatbuilding Manual* I found a plug detail designed by the Naval Architect Phillip Rhodes. The upper end of the rectangular end plug is shown with deep vees cut in its sides with a bandsaw, producing four tapered legs. The point of this is to avoid stress concentrations that would result from a sudden change of section and to give the mast a smoother bend. The idea can be implemented almost as easily on an octagonal plug. If the plug is slid into place the detail may also help by giving the excess epoxy somewhere to go rather than forming a rigid lump on top of the plug. I made a short sample with tines 12 times the length of the octagonal plug's faces and had no trouble freehanding it on the bandsaw. I'm sure holding the plug in a long V-block would be a safer way to cut longer, less rigid tines.



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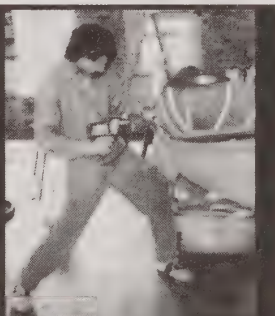
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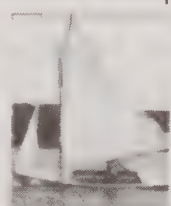
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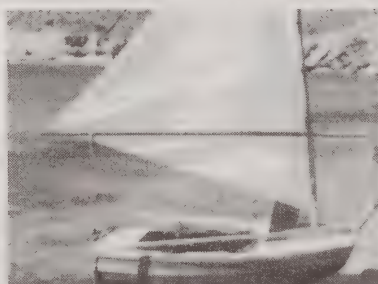
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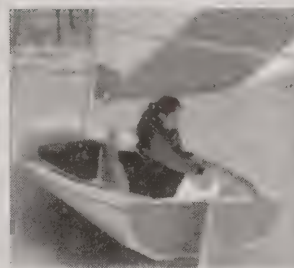
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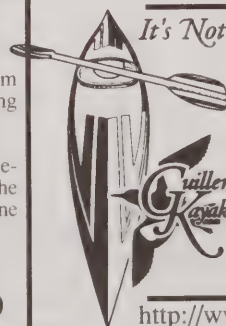
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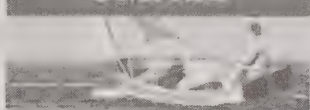
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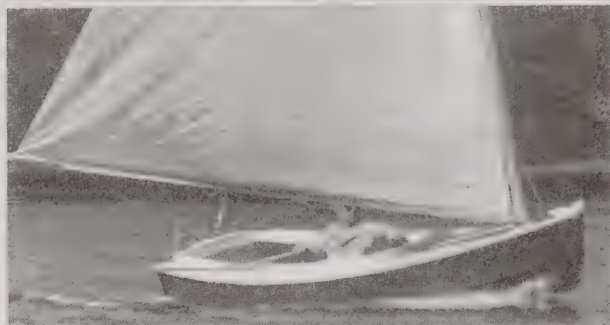
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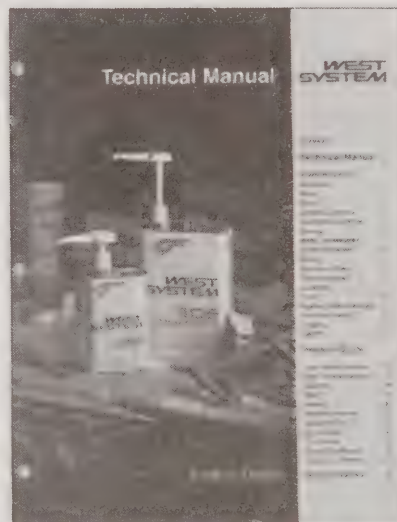
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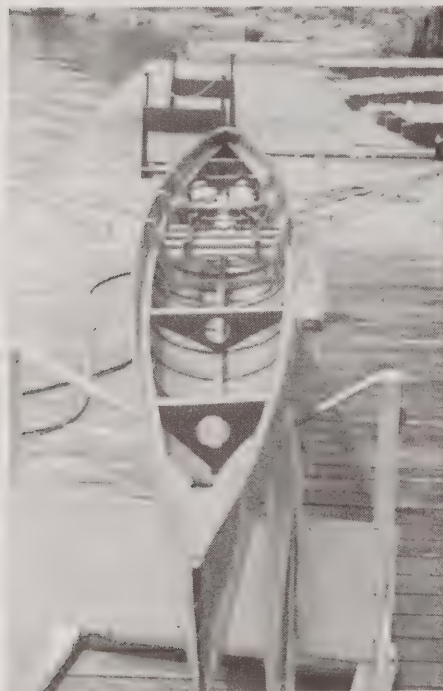
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**'78 O'Day 25**, optimized/equipped for cruising. Stub keel/CB, IB OMC Saildrive 15 w/spare engine & drive. Barrier-coated. Hood LD roller-reefing, 2 headsails; 2 mains, 1 is new/unused Hood; both w/2 reefs. 2 Lewmar 6s, 2 Lewmar 7s. Multi Speed/Depth; Apelco Loran & VHF, Garmin GPS 45 w/remote antenna, custom cabin hatch. Teak Cetol-finished. Full cockpit cushions; blue Sunbrella covers; boom tent; Origo 2-burner stove; porta-potty; extra insulation on icebox. Wool carpeting; custom screens for all hatches & ports; much more! Exterior/interior in exc cond. Incl winter storage frame. *Wind* has had professional care & continual upgrades; is the best maintained/equipped O'Day 25 in this region. W/Achilles inflatable! \$9,900.

PETER TACY, Old Lyme, CT, (860) 572-2928, <p\_tacy@caisct.org> for compl specs/appointment. (1)

**10' Porta-Bote Folding Boat**, best of the type, 10 year warranty, folds to 4" flat, 58lbs. Holds 4 people. Row (oars incl) or motor. Brand new, opened once but never used (buying the 8' Porta-Bote instead). \$1049. Save \$100. See it at [www.porta-bote.com](http://www.porta-bote.com). JOHN SPENCER, Rockport, MA, (978) 546-9022. (1)

**Black Skimmer**, 25' leebed sharpie cat yawl designed by Phil Bolger. Blt '83, plywood/epoxy, sails. Nds some work. \$2,995.

JAY BLAKE, Newbury, MA, (978) 462-7847. (1)



**18-1/2' Herreshoff Eagle**, gaff rigged sloop FG. Blt by Squadron Yachts, '77, Bristol, RI. Vy gd cond w/8hp Johnson. \$7,000 OBO.

GREGG, Essex, CT, (860) 767-1128. (1)



**23' Canoe Yawl**, yellow pine over oak. Varnished teak sheer plank & toe rail. Varnished mahogany cabin sides & coamings. Sail area 280sf. LOA 26', LOD 23'. Draft 2'6", Ballast 900lbs, Displacement 3,400lbs. Call to arrange for an inspection & sail. \$5,650.

JAMES WAGNER, Woolford, MD, (410) 228-6836, <jwagner@dmv.com> (1)

**17' Cobia FG Cuddy Cabin**, no motor, old trlr. \$750 firm.

CHAUNCY BANCROFT, P.O. Box 1724, Palatka, FL 32178, (904) 328-2755, <uncle-chauncy@webtr.net> (1)



**Farrier Eagle/Tramp**, 21' folding tri. LOA 20'6", beam 14'11", draft 14". Gd cond w/new sails & tramps, full tent & Bimini. Gd trlr. \$10,000.

LEE MARTIN, Pt. Louaca, TX, (361) 893-5236. (1)



**16' Candu Mini-Tug**, Suzuki 15hp 4-stroke, trlr, manila fenders, bow pudding, VHF, stereo, tanks, batteries, mooring cover, Teleflex steering, safety equipment, running lights, much more. Everything new '98/'99. Color brochure. \$18,500.

MICHAEL SHERWOOD, Bourne, MA, (508) 759-7796 eves. (1)

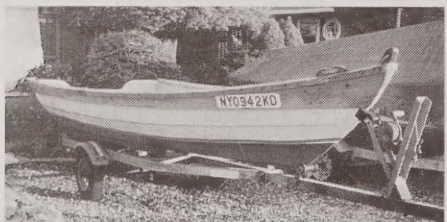




**19'6" Chebacco Motorsailer**, 9.9 Honda, wheel & tiller steering, galv trlr. Vy nice finish, almost brand new. System 3 Epoxy & LPU paint. Details on web at Chebacco News #17 & #24. \$19,000. BOB CUSHING, Cazenovia, NY, (315) 687-6776. (1)

**24' Bristol Sloop**, 9.9 Yamaha w/remote. Tanbark Stack Pack main w/lazy jacks, furling genny, spinnaker & working jib. 7 coats of West barrier coating on bottom. Bow & stern pulpits, lifelines w/2 gates, cockpit grating. Compass, VHF, speed, depth. 5 jackstands. Totally retored '95. \$5,900. JIM TOMKINS, 2783 W. River Rd., Grand Island, NY 14072, (716) 773-5268, <JTboatwork@aol.com> (1)

**22' Ninigret Skiff**, designed by John Atkin. Marine plywood over white oak, bronze fastened, '78/'98 extensive renovation done. A truly beautiful boat powered by '98 Mercury Big Foot 25hp 4 stroke (about 100 hrs). Does 15-17 mph. Decks epoxied & glassed; new fuel tanks, gauges, controls, wiring & battery. \$7,500. Dble axle trlr available for \$1000. NED COSTELLO, Middle Haddam, CT, (860) 267-6847 home, (203) 946-6617 work. (1)



**16' FG Dory**, gd freeboard, exc cond, rides well, full flrbs. '85 9.9hp OB like new cond, professionally maintained, never abused. New professionally made canvas cover w/ hoops. '90 trlr in exc cond. Ready for immediate use. Pictures available. All for \$3,100. DAVID BARON, 451 S. Bayview Ave., Freeport, NY 11520, (516) 379-8496. (1)

**30' Dyer**, new John Deere diesel engine, never run. Estate sale, \$40,000 firm. TOM, Wakefield, RI, (401) 294-2345. (1)

**16' Lowell Surf Dory**, custom blt '91 by Lowell. Oak, pine, mahogany & bronze. Beautiful fit & finish, in exc cond. CB version but no sail rig (easy rig to build or buy). Natural bright finish interior refinished last season. Vy beautiful & solid w/no work required. Selling due to lack of use. Replacement cost \$6,000+, asking \$2,450. Located in Queens, NY. ROBERT TOMASELLI, Brooklyn, NY, (718) 998-1645. (1)

**20' Nimble Yawl**, little used. 5 sails, 7.5hp 4-stroke Honda, galv trlr, sailcover, bimini, porta-potti, stove, much more. Sacrifice @ \$7,500. C. KIRK, Corpus Christie, TX, (361) 949-8365. (24)

**'46 Charles Wheeler Duckboat**, all documents, perf cond, stored for decades. Minor necessary restoration done by professional, Wilmes of E. Haddam, CT. \$1,000 OBO. RON KOWALSKY, E. Hampton, CT, (860) 267-8660. (24)

**9' Lawley Tender**, cedar/oak, lapstrake planked. Classic design, newly constr. Beautiful elegant rowing craft. \$2,750. **18' Whitehall**, strip/epoxy constr, rigged to sail or row. Fully restored '99. \$5,000. LISA CASEY, The Carpenter's Boatshop, 440 Old County Rd., Pemaquid, ME 04558, (207) 677-3768. (24)

**12' Electric Launch**, based on lines taken off the tugboat *Shelly Foss*. Can be seen in *Wooden Boat* #128 "Launchings". Nds TLC & paint. Free to good home. JOHN LEYDE, 17122 McRae Rd., Arlington, WA 98223, <Jleyde4228@aol.com> (24)

**Boston Whaler Supersport**, *Legend*, professionally restored, new paint, new mahogany, new lights, new lighted compass, new wheel & controls. '84 40hp Johnson, dealer serviced, new marine battery, tanks. New galv trlr w/12" wheels. \$6,850. MERV TAYLOR, RR2 Box 35, Lincolnville, ME 04849, (207) 789-5676. (24)

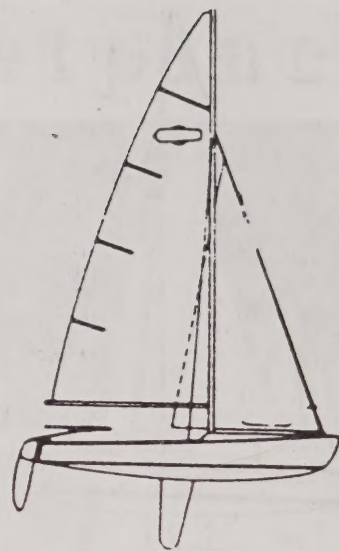
**10' Novurania Inflatable**, wood keel & flooring, exc cond. \$750. **7.5hp Evinrude OB**, long shaft. \$500. R. KUGLER, Bridgeport, CT, (203) 259-3049. (24)

**17' O'Day Daysailer**, '82 FG w/galv trlr. Vy gd cond w/gd sails. \$1,500 OBO. BILL KAVANAUGH, Wallkill, NY, (914) 895-8568. (24)

**Drascombe Lugger**, '78, newly refurbished center plate & rudder, sails vy gd. Interior nds TLC. \$2,000 w/motor, \$2,500 w/7.5hp Johnson. REG CORNELIA, Amagansett, NY, (631) 324-5162 eves. (24)



**23' PennYan Sportfisherman**, '79. Same boat they make today. New Pleasurecraft 350 marine engine freshwater cooled installed '98, fewer than 50hrs. Swim platform, bridge, galley, bunks, electronics, trim tabs, tandem trlr. In Deer Isle, ME. \$9,500. GEORGE ZENTZ, Concord, MA, (207) 348-7717 or (617) 489-3411. (2)



**15' Chrysler Mutineer FG Sloop**, 20 yrs old but still in grt shape. Fresh water only, under cover every winter. Stable 6' beam w/seating for 5-6, but surprisingly fast. Vy sporty for 1 or 2 in stiff breeze. \$750 OBO. JEFF HILLIER, N. Hampton, NH, (603) 964-5074, <jfhillier@aol.com> (24)

**21' Dovekie**, Bolger designed, tanbark sail, FG leeboards, bow daggerboard, wooden mast & sprit. 6hp Johnson OB w/spare prop. Custom cockpit tent. Solar electrical system incl 2 10w panels, 2 deep cycle marine gel batteries, fan, stereo, and interior/running lights, & bilge pump. 12KG Bruce & Danforth anchors. Load Rite trlr w/new tires & two spares on rims. Located in Great Lakes region. \$3,500. **Folbot Greenland II Folding Kayak**, Red deck, grey hull. Balogh expedition sail set-up incl zippered reefing system on sail, 3 section floating alum mast, leeboard. Keel strips, repair kit, rudder, spraydeck, and travel bags. \$1,200. JON MOORE & JENNIFER SILLS, Swoope, VA, (540) 337-6340. (24)

**20' Chesapeake Bay Sharpie**, from Chapelle's book *Boatbuilding*, pg 291. Blt '89 of white oak, cedar, bronze fastened. Boat & sails in top cond. A boat for the active sailor that is looking for a good home. \$2,000. WINSLOW WOMACK, St. Michaels, MD, (410) 745-9589. (24)

**22' Drascombe Longboat**, FG sailing/pulling boat w/oars, sails, ground tackle. All in gd shape. Solid boat w/trlr. RUDY CARLSON, Sandwich, NH, (603) 284-6800. (24)

**Tiki 21 Wharram Catamaran**, exc cond, 3 sails, OB, misc equipment & trlr. \$4,000. Interesting trades considered. MAURICE FRANCINI, Saundertown, RI, (401) 295-0433. (24)

**Beetle Cat**, exc cond cold molded over orig hull. W/trlr. \$1,800. CHARLIE VON HAGEL, 109 Stoneleigh Rd., Bel Air, MD 21014, (410) 838-9261. (24)

**17' Folbot**, '71. Seaworthy but rips on deck. As is \$50. CHUCK MEAD, Newbury, MA, (978) 463-3206. (23P)

**19' Proa**, foam core, full batten main w/trlr. Safe & fun. &750. **16' Compac**, w/trlr & 2hp mariner, all gd cond. \$2,500. **'38 Garwood Cabin Cruiser**, nds restoration. Call for info if interested. BILL WEYMOUTH, Palermo, ME, (207) 993-2829. (24)





**16' Bolger Sharpie**, '98 cat yawl. West System, marine ply & mahogany, tanbark sails (dacron) by Dabblers, sprit rig, single leebrd, folding rudder, 6' cockpit, cedar flbrds. Vy fast & stable. \$2,400. BURKE LIBURT, Orient, NY, (631) 323-2438, office (800) 615-6305. (24)

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**Peep Hen**, well equipped. Will pick up. TONY MAYNE, 151 Calle Vadito NW, Albuquerque, NM 87120, (505) 352-1080, <tomayne@aol.com> (1)

**8'-10' Dinghy**, it's a sad story but my very used but greatly appreciated Dinghy has fallen into the hands of an unscrupulous boat thief. She was a dinghy only a shoestring sailor could appreciate. If you have a small boat (preferably FG) buried under leaves or not worth your effort, I would like to talk to you. I live on LI. GEOFFREY BARTER, E. Northport, NY, (631) 266-2601. (24)

**Trimaran**, \$3,000-\$5,000 range. ROY TEIXEIRA, Sagamore, MA, (508) 833-2863. (24)

**Discovery 20 Trimaran**. DOUG GRAY, Lancaster, PA, (717) 299-1176. (24)

**Bangor Packet**, by Joel White. DONALD CARTER, Portland, ME, (207) 774-4322. (24)

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**White PolySail Kits**, 10' x 20' Tarp & Tape Kit only \$39.50. DAVE GRAY, 7404 Madden Dr., Fishers, IN 46038, (317) 842-8106, <polysail@aol.com> (6P)

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**Mylar Genoa Jib**, for 20'-24' sloop. Luff 24'10", foot 13'5", weight only 8lbs. 11 snap hooks, in A-1 cond. \$125pp. R. KNIGHT, 321 Burning Tree Dr., Naples, FL 34105, (941) 262-5303. (24)

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**Sea Pearl Marconi Sails & Rigging**, medium to gd cond. Will travel. BLAIR THOMPSON, HC 72 Box 443A, Locust Grove, VA 22508, (540) 972-3464, <TArIalb@AOL.COM> (24)

**Drascombe Lugger Sails**, gd set. HAROLD BERJOHN, Peoria, IL, (309) 692-4250, <hberjohn@hotmail.com> (24P)

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**British Seagulls**, dead or alive. Cash paid, any cond. FRANK VALENTINO, S. Dennis, MA, (508) 385-8510, (508) 385-2507 anytime, email: <seagull508@aol.com> (TFP)

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**\$200 Sailboat**, Bolger design, 15'6"x 4'6". Plans w/compl directions. \$20. DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <DaveCarnell@worldnet.att.net> (TF)

**Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar**, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue. \$12 postpaid. NANCY ASHENFELTER, 3915 "N" Ave., Anacortes, WA 98221. (TF)

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### BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

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THE BOAT HOUSE, 15 State St., Newburyport, MA 01950, (978) 462-2072. (TFP)

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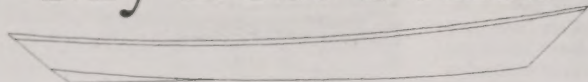
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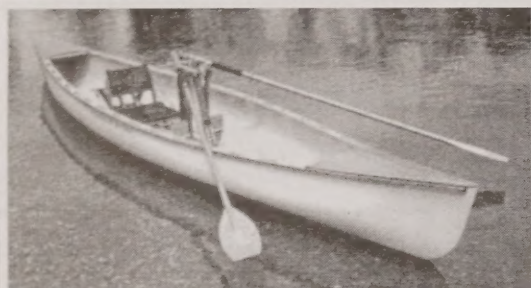
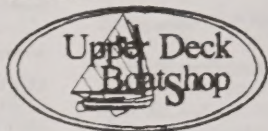
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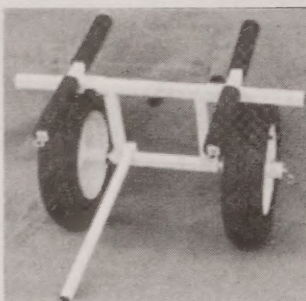
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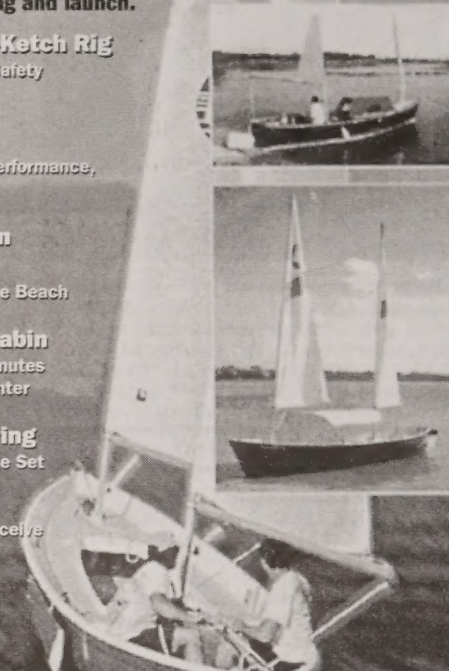
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